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OUR EASTER.

BY MISS M. E. WINSLOW.

God's Easter gladness was His Son uprising;
A risen Christ alone makes Easter days;
The Resurrection, heaven and earth surpris-
ing,
Filled in a moment all their domes with
praise.

Then he it ours, at His cross-altar kneeling,
Not as in worship of the costly shrine,
Not listening only for the music pealing
In ecstasy along the angel line;

But low, in deepest self-humiliation
Ourselves in His deserted grave to lay,
And join our feeble strain of adoration
To that which greets Him at the gates of
day.

Our share to find in His great resurrection—
Sins vanquished, evil habits laid aside;
The hands which hold us back from all per-
fection
Left in that grave's dark chambers to
abide.

We may not, save as, eye and ear anointed,
We catch the gleaming glory of the Lord,
Or hear amid the garden aisles appointed
The risen majesty of His sure word.

When for ourselves we seek the risen Saviour,
Fresh fire from heaven will warm our
Easter lays;
And every flower we offer to His favor
Will glow with dew-drops of accepted
praise.

So shall our Easter be a glad foretasting
Of every joy which heaven will yet afford;
So shall we rise together, gladly hasting
To share the glory of our risen Lord.

THE LIBERIA CONFERENCE.

BY GILBERT HAYDEN.

SECOND PAPER.

The personnel of a Conference is al-
ways acceptable. Photography is very
poor on this coast. No photographer
seems to have success, judging from
the specimens occasionally to be met
with. No one is in the regular portrait
practice in the republic. A German is
said to be taking landscapes, but his
presence is not to be seen when one
seeks him. Shall our efforts be a like
blur? If so be, charge the same to the
climate and not the artist, or mechanist
as a photographer properly is.

The Conference, arranged on the
front rows of pews and those on either
side of the pulpit, embraces, Methodis-
tically, the hope of Africa. Out of it
shall come the regenerators of the
continent—so far as our Church goes.
For good or evil, for better or worse,
our Church in this vast land is married
to this small body of ministers. Through
the organization which they embody,
is to appear our future triumphs, as
have appeared our past beginnings, and
fluctuations. You would therefore like
to see the masters of Methodism in Af-
rica.

Up in that corner to the left of the
chair, the left seat in the front row,
against the wall, is one of the leaders
of the body—the Rev. Daniel Ware.
He is a native of Liberia, though his
parents were American, and that makes
him, in the popular sense, not a native.
He is slim, not tall, of light weight,
and not of light color. A pure blood,
he, even if of American origin. He is
the Presiding Elder of the chief dis-
trict, the St. Paul's, was educated at
our seminary under Rev. J. W. Horne,
is a good reader, a happy writer, a
graceful talker. Brother Horne has no
cause to be ashamed of this work of
his hands and head and heart. He re-
presented his district in a well-written
review, which had some pungent slaps
at the telescopic vision of the work.
He thought such observers would do
well to try the swamps and rains for a
while, with no thatch for roof and no
mat for bed; with only red rice and
cassava for food, and that not to be had
for lack of means. He waxed eloquent
on this theme, and made many a good
bit that brought down the house. He
was the delegate elected to the last General

Conference, but failed to appear. He
would have produced an impression in
that body.

At the outer end of the front middle
pew, on the same side of the house,
sits another not less noticeable man—the
Rev. C. A. Pitman. He is a native,
entire and unadulterated. His parents
were of the Queah nation. His father
died a few years ago, as he had
lived, a heathen. The boy was taken
by the missionaries. He is one of the
troops of Ann Wilkins. How many
there are among the controlling men
and women of the Republic to-day! He
was also a pupil, I believe, of Principal
Horne. He was sent to America for
education. It was unfortunate that he
was not sent to Wilbraham, then and
always open to all without respect to
color. Not only open, but where they
were welcomed without prejudice or
separation. His school life was con-
fined to New York city, and was, there-
fore, under limitations and embarrass-
ments of which he was painfully con-
scious then, and is to this day. He re-
members, however, with great grati-
tude, the one place where none of these
experiences were forced upon him—the
home of Rev. Dr. Terry. How
these Liberians who have visited Amer-
ica, do praise Dr. Terry! I have heard
several of them speak loudly in his
praise.

I remember an incident connected
with him, of which he was not aware,
that almost made a turning point in
our school history, and might have
given that school a longer lease of il-
lustrious life than it enjoyed. A person
was elected its principal, and was in-
formed by the secretary of the trustees
of the fact; but told that an objection
was made to his being chosen, on the
ground that he would admit colored
students. The reply was: If no action
is taken by the trustees, the principal
would never think of objecting to any
student on such grounds. If the ap-
plicant is moral and intelligent, his
color will never be thought of. If,
however, the trustees by vote refuse to
allow such students admission, the
principalship will not be declined, but
all such applicants will be taught by
the principal himself in his own room,
and they shall be honored above every
other student in the school.

No such order was passed; and in a
few weeks Dr. Durbin wrote that prin-
cipal asking if an African youth could
be admitted to the school. The prin-
cipal had the pleasure of submitting the
letter to the board of trustees. Dr.
Durbin was exceedingly popular there,
as well for his views on color and slav-
ery questions as for his masterly ability
in other lines. "A native youth
from Africa" was a very different thing
from an American "nigger." The
board voted to receive him, and the
message was so sent. But he was dis-
posed of otherwise, and the famous
school lost its chance to conquer its
prejudices. It had conquered them by
agreeing to admit him.

Brother Pitman is a small man, of
gentle manners, an admirable reader,
a clear, solid, edifying talker, who has
control of himself and his audience.
He is in perfect sympathy with the
most advanced ideas and plans, is en-
thusiastic for self-support, for pushing
the work into the regions beyond. He
is in high repute among them who are
without. He occupies with great ac-
ceptability our chief Church, that in
Monrovia, in which probably there is
no other native except himself. If
Methodism is seeking the right man to
honor with its delectable from the ris-
ing brethren of color, and undoubtedly
such is its wish, it could not do better
than to confer it upon Dr. Durbin's
"youth from Africa," the bearer of the
name of the first of our great mis-
sionary secretaries, and the honor of the
name of Africa—representative of its
undiluted blood, ability and future.
We never sign petitions, but most
humbly suggest to our venerable *Alma*
Mater, if she will shoot such game doc-
trinal, to point her gun next summer
this way, and bring down her first of
many such that will inevitably follow;
especially as her admirable president
came so near being a fellow-student
and classmate of this our named can-
didate.

By the side of Brother Pitman or
Brother Ware, not always in the same
seat, is Rev. C. H. Harmon, formerly
of Baltimore. He is a large man, portly
of flesh, broad and fair of face, high of
forehead, pleasant of countenance, a
very noticeable man, the comeliest of
the body. He is more white than dark
—an Anglo-African, with accent on the
Anglo. He came over with his father
in his youth, and has grown up with
the colony. He is held in high esteem,
enough so to be elected vice president
for two or more terms. He presides
with dignity, speaks seldom on Confer-
ence floor, is of few words, but of clear,
good sense, a brother whose words
weigh, if they do not count.

[To be continued.]

Err in mercy; it will be easier to an-
swer for mercy than severity.

"SWEET FIELDS BEYOND."

BY REV. J. B. GUILD.

We have had a very mild winter in
England. There has been no frost or
snow except a little at this late date.
Traveling has therefore been very pleas-
ant and comfortable, and a recent visit
to the south of England has been a lux-
ury. Along that coast are many inter-
esting towns, and the view of the Isle of
Wight, across the narrow Solent, is al-
ways charming. It was in this locality,
near Southampton, that Dr. Watts
wrote the memorable hymn beginning,
"There is a land of pure delight;"
and it is said that the view of the green
isle opposite suggested the verse.

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood;"
and he has thus immortalized it in his
verse. So Wesley, standing on the ex-
treme narrow point of Land's End in
Cornwall, wrote,

"Lo, on a narrow neck of land,"
and the rest.

Opposite where Dr. Watts wrote is
Osborne, the quiet palace of the Queen,
where Prince Albert found especial
charms. Victoria spends a few months
of each year there, and divides the re-
mainder between Balmoral in Scotland
and the old castle at Windsor. Near
Osborne palace is the town of Cowes,
so famous as the yachting rendezvous
of the pleasure seekers of this coun-
try.

A visit to the "sweet fields" of the
Isle of Wight is among the most pleas-
urable of my excursions in this country.
It is always green, and the Gulf Stream
so tempers the air that it has become a
famous resort for invalids. We were
entertained by an American gentleman,
who came from Pittsburg and settled at
Sandown on account of his health, and
from this place as a centre we were
enabled to take daily excursions to the
places of renown. Countless numbers
of vessels from all parts of the world
are constantly passing and repassing,
and the sea around is thus rendered
very picturesque.

Ventnor is located on the extreme
southern point of the island, and the
beautiful houses are like eagles' nests
among the crags. The town is built on
winding streets upon the sides of the
cliffs, and so steep are they that we
left our hands on the roofs of four-story
houses as we passed, and in a few mo-
ments found ourselves looking up to the
same roofs from the street in front as to
wonder its course around. On the
western point of the island, near the
Needles, is the home of Tennyson the
poet, secluded from the gaze of the
people, and reached only by a long
drive from the landing point. He cares
but little for society, and is well located
for the purpose of writing his incom-
parable poetry.

But it was not the towns, or the
scenery, which had the chief attraction.
The little village of Brading, and the
humble church where Leigh Richmond
preached, and the homes and graves of
the "Daityman's Daughter" and the
"Young Cottager," were the attractive
points. Just back of Brading church
sleeps "Little Jane," and a humble
stone, with an interesting inscription,
marks the spot. The little thatched
cottage, with the front overgrown with
roses, is near by, where the young saint
lived, and died, unknown of the im-
mortality which her pious pastor would
give her. A few miles away still stands
the thatched cottage of the Daityman,
and it has become a kind of Mecca for
pilgrims who visit the island. I took
off my hat and reverently bowed within
the walls where prayer, patience and
piety were so peculiarly blended. A
few scattered cottages are in the neigh-
borhood, and about a mile away is the
quaint old country church, on the north
side of which is the grave of the "Daity-
man's Daughter." The tract which con-
tain "the simple annals of the poor"
parishioners have an especial interest
when read upon the spot, and one can
never forget the emotions kindled by
visiting these quiet rest-places of the
dead, whose names are like ointment
poured forth.

There is not a grave of king or queen
who has ruled in this land, which is
visited with more interest than these;
and when kings and queens are forgot-
ten, these names will live. These two
old churches have stood for hundreds
of years, and the rural population have
gathered in them from the hills and val-
leys around, to hear the Word of life,
and generation after generation has
been buried in these church-yards.
Leigh Richmond, in his description of
his visits to the Daityman's cottage,
has painted in charming colors the coun-
try and the sea, as seen from the hill-
tops over which he passed in his jour-
neys. It was like a visit to Palestine
to look upon the beautiful scenery, and
we thought that Dr. Watts might well
call them "Sweet fields beyond the
swelling flood." Probably no spots in
all England will be remembered by us
with deeper interest than these two
graves, and that of the "Shepherd of
Salisbury Plain" at West Lavington,

near Stonehenge. The sleepers were all
very poor and illiterate, but their influ-
ence will live forever for good. Leigh
Richmond's tracts are very simple, and
in a literary sense faulty; but there is
something, either in the subjects or the
unvarnished style, or the devout spirit
of the writer, which makes them ever
fresh, and for the young they will ever
be the best of reading.

While at Cowes we came near enough
to royalty to be the guests of Rev. Mr.
Barker, the Queen's chaplain, a most
genial and excellent man, who enter-
tained us with incidents connected
with his honorable position. The crown
gives to Victoria world-wide renown,
but no doubt her greatest ornaments are
her true womanly and domestic
qualities, united with her devout spirit.
It is long since England has had such
a sovereign, and it will probably be
long before her equal occupies the
throne. If such sovereigns always
ruled, it might be well if all countries
were subject to royalty; but the histo-
ries of this and other kingdoms show
long lines of rulers who would have
been the least likely to be chosen if the
people had been permitted to elect.

We turn back from the "sweet fields
beyond" and mingle with the tide of
busy life in this great centre of trade
and manufacture, and feel that for a
little time we have been on the confines
of a "land of pure delight." "Uncle
Tom" said, "Heaven is better than old
Kentuck," and no doubt it is better than
the beautiful Isle of Wight; but there
are places where, as Dr. Cummings
says of Scotland, "with a few improve-
ments he would be willing to spend his
eternity."

Birmingham, March 2, 1877.

AN OPEN LETTER TO B. P. S.

Knight of the quill, or by what name
You're borne along to wondrous fame,
What says your brow's entwine;
By B. P. S. or "Partington"
The poet's quill has been won,
The Joker's prize is thine.

Now "Ike," mayhap, can live on groats;
Your Pegasus may chew oats,
Yet show 2-4 speed;
But my poor Rosinante's bones
Show bare as cobble paving-stones,
And whinny for his feed.

O prince of punsters, thine to shake
The ribs of horrors, and to make
Mirth dance upon the lip!
Your latest, richest joke, to lash
The leanest bard for craving cash,
Then ask pay for the whip!

M. TRAFFORD.

GLORIFIED FAILURE.

Adapted from the Italian,
BY EDWARD H. RICE, F. D.

Beyond the beautiful piazza where
the pigeons are fed, beyond the entrance
to the grand canal, on an island in the
harbor, the venerable cloister stood. It
was the oldest in Italy, men said, while
history and tradition joined to establish
the claim.

History gleefully associated with the
edifice deeds of immortal renown. Tra-
dition added a mellow lustre to austere
facts, till the truth was impaired by the
fantastic decoration of legendary story.
Last of all, religion added its holy inter-
est to the venerable pile, till every lover
of the Church gazed with interest on its
crumbling walls.

Yes, they were crumbling now, for
their work was done. They had watched
the gay gondolas go merrily along, and
they had seen the bright hues of the
Middle Ages change to the sombre black
of modern times, till the long line of
boats seemed like the funeral procession
of the vanished grandeur.

This, then, was the monastery we were
to visit. The sound of the rusty knock-
er awoke the weird echoes of the place.
An old monk answered the call. His
thin, bony hands clutched the door nerv-
ously, and his long white beard wavered
in the wind that swept through the open
passage. His eyes were dark and pen-
etrating; his face a curious shrinking
beneath their steady gaze. With sub-
dued utterance he bade us enter, and we
followed him, thinking how much he
looked like some old picture of the years
departed. With a courtesy almost edi-
tious he showed us the objects of interest
about the building. At length he halted
in front of a small, bare cell, and began
the story we had longed to hear:—

"It is three hundred years since
Brother Anselmo died, yet he still seems
as present here as when he sat in yon-
der cell and wrote our parchments for
us."
"He was cunning with the pencil, and
our most beautiful work came from his
hands. His whole life was one of deni-
al and sacrifice, yet still he was not con-
tent. He would fain prepare some work
that might show his devotion to the dear
Master he loved so well. At length he
began an illuminated copy of the Scrip-
tures. But, strangely, the work mocked
his hands; for where he strove to trace
angel faces grinning demons glared at
him from the manuscript, till, baffled,
mocked, discouraged, he threw the
work aside. The plague broke out in
the city; day by day the well sickened
and the sick died, till the place was fast

becoming a necropolis—a city of the
dead. Anselmo left his cell and went
out amid the pestilence. He knelt by
the bedside of the suffering, and, as he
told them the simple story of the Cross,
the face, once rigid with mortal agony,
became suffused with smiles, and the soul
winged its glad flight to a brighter world.

"But the infection that spared nei-
ther youth nor age laid its poison hand on
devotion itself, till, at length, stricken
with the fever, he crawled back to his
cell to die. Slowly his dull eyes wan-
dered around the room, till they rested
on the book—the darling project of his
life that had failed so miserably. With
a gesture half regretful, half impatient,
he motioned that it be spread before
him. But what a sight met his enrapt-
ured gaze, for angel hands had finished
the work he had begun, and every page
was radiant with celestial light!"

The monk's story was over, and he
spread the book open before us. We
had seen the marvelous treasures of the
British Museum, and the still richer il-
luminations that grace the library of the
Vatican, but never had we seen work
like this. Bright saints, with golden
glories round their heads, gazed out be-
nignly from the manuscript, while an-
gelic forms seemed floating lightly over
its radiant pages.

We could not stand before the beau-
tiful work in awe-struck admiration, as
did the old monk beside us, for reason
rose up and confuted his romantic leg-
end. Poetic fervor could not supply
the place of religious enthusiasm, for
the understanding refused to be led cap-
tivated by the story, beautiful as it was.
Yet, though history confuted the monk's
narrative; though intelligent faith will
not give the legend credence; though
imagination itself is unequal to the de-
mands here made, still the story imparts
its own grand lesson: God's way is
best. The path may seem to lead
through sacrifice to ignominious failure; yet
He can bring grand success from ruin
and disappointment.

"THE BLESSING OF THE LORD."

BY REV. CHARLES ADAMS, D. D.

Blessing is beautiful whencesoever it
may come. It has its seat in the heart,
and is the offspring of sincere and pro-
found affection. How pleasant and
affecting as it falls upon dear children
from a father's or a mother's tenderness
and love! How sweet and balmy is the
atmosphere wherein it lives and
breathes! How unutterably pleasant
the baptism that, with its coming, per-
vades the whole being!

But what shall be said of the bless-
ing of the Lord? Here all thought is
at fault, all speech fails, all imagina-
tion droops and falters. If the blessing
of a father descending upon his child is
beautiful, who shall tell us what is the
infinite glory when the great Heavenly
Father blesses one of His little ones?
What! Does He love? Does He
smile? Does He approach? Does He
touch me? Does He speak, and
speak peace? Does He say as to Sol-
omon, "Ask what I shall give thee?"
And thus does He give as I ask? Will
He dwell, not only around me, but
within me, and pervade all my being,
and sanctify every part by His blessed
presence and almighty power? And so
will He live with me by day and by
night—walk with me, speak with me,
comfort me, help me in respect to every
necessary good, and cleanse me from all
unrighteousness?

Behold here the wondrous consum-
mation of the great Gospel salvation:
God with us—within us—His blessed
and mighty Spirit, sanctifying, controll-
ing, saving us evermore.
And how true and certain it is, and
must be, that the greater blessing of
the Lord involves also the less. Does
He thus bless the soul—the greater
being—and does He not bless the
body also—the less important? Is
not His blessing with our temporal
duties as well as with the higher interests
of immortality? Shall we forget the
histories of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, of
Job, Joseph, David, Solomon and
others? Does He bless the little in-
terests of the birds of the air, and may
not a single sparrow fall on the ground
without our Father? And are we not,
in His sight, of more value than many
sparrows?

It is all settled, and settled clearly.
Seek first the kingdom of God, and all
these things shall be added unto you.
The blessing of the Lord covers every
necessity and every good. Heaven
comes down to earth, for God's bless-
ing is with His people and upon them.

A Hardened Conscience.

The first film of ice is scarcely percep-
tible; keep the waters stirring, and you will
prevent the ice from hardening it; but if
once it film over and remains so, it thickens
over the surface, and it thickens still, and
at last it is so solid that a wagon might be
drawn over the solid water. So with con-
science, it thins over gradually, and at last
it becomes hard, unfeeling, and it can bear
up a weight of iniquity.—Bishop Simp-
son.

TABERNACLE SERVICES.

[Extracts from a sermon by Rev. Phillips Brooks,
March 19.]

I will speak from those words in the
chapter which I read: "Whereupon, O King
Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the
heavenly vision." I like these noble words,
because they are truly triumphant words.
They are the words of one who is looking
back and remembering the greatest point of
all his life, in which his life not only took
a new departure, but began to move in a dif-
ferent direction, and became verily a new life.
They are the words which give at once a
joyful and triumphant tone to the whole
Christian life. It seems to me, if there is any-
thing we want to guard against in beginning
our Christian life, it is the tone which so
many Christian lives have everywhere, and
which it seems as if Christian lives were so
continually tending to, of something which
is low and painful, and almost apologetic.
They go around through the world com-
plaining, and they go about through the
world almost apologizing to other people
for being Christians. I think we live in the
midst of a pretty low-toned and feeble and
sickly Christianity; and it is something good
that there should come the ringing voice of
the Apostle Paul, who says, in words that
fill his heart with joy and make him
stand with complete, undaunted courage be-
fore those who are listening to him: "Where-
upon, O King Agrippa, I was not disobe-
dient unto the heavenly vision." * * *

How constantly we are seeing something
of this kind! Everything a man does that is
really worth the doing comes to him in the
first place in some kind of vision.
The vision comes before the action, if
the man's action is worth anything. A
man who does his work before he sees what
that work is to be, does not do his best. * * *

Let us ask ourselves what was the vision
that was shown to St. Paul. He is on the
way from Jerusalem to Damascus. The
heavens opened over him, and a voice came
down, and he heard the voice of his Master.
Then he knew that Jesus Christ was the only true Master, and
that in the service of that Master would
come that which was best for him in the
world; that his life before had been a failure
because it had been against the true Master
of his life; and that just as soon as he fast-
ened himself to Jesus Christ, as his Master,
he would bring forth all his powers and make
him the man that God intended him to be.
It seems to me we cannot too clearly see the
genius of the Christian life as it is given to
us there in the vision that was shown to St.
Paul. It was not merely that he was a sin-
ner, that he had certain duties he had been
neglecting; but it was that there was one
great secret of power which he might obtain
by putting himself in constant personal con-
nection with his Master.

It seems to me there is something in the
very simplicity of the text. When he recog-
nized the vision he says he became obedient
to it. My dear friends, that is the truth I
want to take to myself, and have you take
to yourselves to-night. The truth that the gov-
ernment of this world is all by obedience;
that it depends upon what a man obeys what
a man is. The personal obedience is the
Christian life. The vision, then, of the
Christian life, it seems to me, that thing upon
which the Christian fastens his eye and
which he follows, and which leads him on
through all the rich and beautiful ranges of
Christian growth, the vision that first moves
him, I trust his Master, and his own life
completely obedient to Christ. We ask our-
selves the question, What is it to be a Chris-
tian? It is simply the new life that comes
to a man when he has put himself in person-
al obedience to the Master, and in obedience
to that Master there opens before him all the
richness of the new life, and in this obedience
man watches the character of Him whom he
is obeying. * * *

Look at the old saint, whose Christian life
was almost over, whose beautiful days
were drawing to their beautiful close, who first re-
members the far-back time when he just be-
came a disciple of the Master. What has
made him what he is? I try to analyze it,
and when I get at the secret of it, it is that
back there was a heavenly vision made man-
ifest to him. It became known to him that
there was one who, being his Master by the
right of His birth, asserted his Master-
ship by the love He had shown him and
by the death He had died for him; and as
gradually his years slipped by, his life has
been shaping itself upon the life of that great
Master, till now he says, in the words that
old Paul used, "I live, yet not I, but Christ
liveth in me"—the perfection of his life as it
has been shaped by obedience upon the life
of his Master. It seems to me it is more and
more necessary that we should bring our-
selves to an absolutely simple conception of
what Christianity is. The Christian experi-
ence is not merely something that comes into
a man's life when he becomes conscious of
his sins; it is not merely a new series of
duties he enters upon—it is coming into friend-
ship with that great, noble Person in whom
God is manifest to us; the giving of our lives
so thoroughly to Him that we become like
Him; our natures shaped upon His nature,
till our life is His life and His life is our life.
That is what it is to be a Christian. O Chris-
tians, remember this at the very beginning
of our Christian life! Christianity and
Christian experience is not the repelling or
the bringing of our life into conformity with
the life of our Lord Jesus Christ. I climb a hill
upon its darkened side. There is no other
side that lights me, but I know upon the
other side there is light; and as I go I stumble
over ugly roots that trip me up. The dark
shades are around me, and I go stumbling
on. That is not the real purpose of my
climbing the mountain. The obstacles are
the incidents. But now I am up to the top!
There billows the sun before me, and I am
illuminated by his glory. Now that is just
the way with the Christian. It is not the ex-
perience of sin, it is not the conviction and
wretchedness of sin that is the object of their
Christian life. The soul humbled under its
sins has only just reached the threshold of
the new Christian experience. I beg you to
understand this, my dear friends. I beg you
to understand this, because this is what gives
this glorious and triumphant tone to Chris-
tian experience. It is the recognition of the

life of Jesus Christ as the pattern of the life
into which we have to be shaped by our
continued obedience to Him.

There is one great idea, one very rich
and beautiful idea, that lies at the very bot-
tom of the whole Christian thought, and
that is, the rescuing a soul and bringing it
to Christ is simply bringing it back into a
life in which it naturally belongs and out of
which it has wandered. It is not an unnat-
ural thing, a man becoming a Christian.
Oh, if we would only understand that it is a
most natural thing, that vision of the king-
dom of God! As natural as the coming
back of the poor prodigal out of the wretch-
edness in which he had been living, to his
father's house, where he belonged; as nat-
ural as the coming back of this poor bleat-
ing sheep borne by the shepherd back to the
fold out of which it had wandered. The
Saviour's teaching is that man belongs to
God, and that the coming to God is the
coming back to God from whom we have
departed. The coming of Jesus and His
teaching of our nature always seems to me to
be like this. There are people who, having
been born in a land of richness and of cul-
ture, full of all good and holiness, have been
taken away in their childhood, or have
wandered by some act of their own, and
have gone off and lived in exile on a savage
island, where there is nothing that is nat-
ural to them. They have been growing up
in the midst of violence and sin. By and
by, on that island where they are living,
they see a ship coming to them. It draws
nearer and nearer across the waters. They
begin to wonder what it is, and by and by
a boat drops over its side and some one lands,
a new form and yet an old form among
them, and lives in their midst. When he
comes it is all strange to them, but by and
by he reminds them of things they had for-
gotten. There come

EASTER-DAY.

How shall we keep this holy day of gladness.
This queen of days, that bitter, hopeless sadness
Forever drives away?

The night is past—its sleep and its forget-
ting;
Our risen Sun no more forever setting,
Pours everlasting day.

Let us not bring upon this joyful morning,
Dead myth and spices for our Lord's adorn-
ing.

Nor any lifeless thing;
Our gift shall be the fragrance and the splen-
dor
Of living flowers, in breathing beauty tender,
The glory of our spring.

And with the myrrh, oh, put away the leaven
Of malice, hatred, injuries unforgiven,
And cold and lifeless form;
Still, with the lilies, deeds of mercy bring-
ing,
And fervent prayers, and praises upward
springing.

And hopes, pure, bright, and warm.
So shall this Easter shed a fragrant beauty
O'er many a day of dull and cheerless duty,
And light thy wintry way;
Till rest is won, and patience, smiling faintly,
Upon thy breast shall lay her lilies saintly,
To hail heaven's Easter day.

—Selected.

DR. CURRY'S LECTURES.

[Abstract of the fifth lecture, February
25d, on "The Taking Away of Sin: (II.)
Morally." Reported by A. H. HERRICK.]

Man, as he stands before us indepen-
dently of the benefits procured
through Christ, is dead in trespasses
and sin. This state of sin, indwelling
and active, we now speak of as taken
away through Christ. In the Incarna-
tion Christ brought spiritual life to man;
hence He is spoken of as a quickening
Spirit, in opposition to Adam. Hence
it would seem that the Incarnation, of
itself, brought new life to our sin-dead
nature. That, each individual is in-
cipiently saved by the fact that Christ
became man. Incipient grace is wrought
in the infant mind, and so, when we
speak of native depravity, it is not in
the absolute sense total. We must
constantly recognize the agency of the
Holy Spirit, procured through Christ.
This is briefly presented in these words:
"The grace of God that bringeth sal-
vation hath appeared to all men." The
divine Spirit has come to us, first of
all, outwardly, in bringing us the Word
of God; this can impart spiritual
knowledge only as the soul is quickened
by the Spirit.

Now we notice the work of the Spirit
in man. Passing the primary and un-
iversal work, we speak of the work
wrought in us to deliver us from in-
dwelling sin and condemnation. We
notice several stages, which yet are not
separated in order of time.

The first thing to notice is, convic-
tion of sin, which only the Holy Ghost
can effect. It is the design of the
Spirit, in leading us to God, to show
us with a degree of clearness God's ho-
liness and the majesty of His law; also
the turpitude and the guiltiness of sin.
He therefore brings a sense of danger,
and awakens a desire to flee from the
wrath to come. Conviction of sin under-
lies all genuine religious experience.
A general view of sin will fall of prac-
tical results; it is only as we see the
spiritual aspect of sin—of sin as predi-
cated of us individually—that we are
drawn to true repentance. We must
further observe that human reason, in
its most elevated forms, is utterly inca-
pable of detecting the real character of
sin. Hence no amount of culture is
sufficient to convince of sin. In the
writings of the Stoics, perhaps the best
of non-Christian moralists, there is no
shadow of a conception of sin in the
evangelical aspect of the case. As
conviction must precede repentance,
men are dependent upon what produces
conviction, in order to repent. Genuine
conviction finds the root of sin
deeper down than the outward act; as
in the case of David. Again, in our
conviction of sin, there is constantly
recognized the element of personal
guilt, carrying with it desert of pun-
ishment. We are to notice, also, the
perpetual reference to God, in spiritual
awakening. The awakened man feels
that all guilt is against God, who is
angry with the sinner every day, and
whose judgments are right. Proper
evangelical conviction places us under
deep condemnation before God and our
own consciences.

The next stage, growing out of
the first, is evangelical penitence. This is
the Christward side of conviction,
wrought in the heart by the Spirit, us-
ing as an instrument the Word of God.
Genuine repentance, however, implies
something of which we do not speak
in regard to conviction; that is, some-
thing of real human will. The first
step here is the willing consent of the
mind to confess—a result of convic-
tion. Scarcely to be separated from
this is the further thought, that in gen-
uine repentance one approves the
Spirit's estimate of sin—does not, as
before, seek to extenuate. Penitence
does more than confess—it accords
the law's condemnation of the sinner.
There is, in genuine penitence, a dis-
position of mind to please God; also,
the first elementary moving of a hatred
to sin. God's holiness awakens our
admiration, and casts a lurid light over
the darkness of sin, which the partly
rectified spirit confesses, and shares in
its degree.

We advance another stage, to Chris-
tian faith. Faith is a very important
mode of conception, hence very im-
portant for us to consider. We can know
much by faith, which we cannot know
otherwise. The understanding, being
enlightened, sees things by an inward
perception. Things unknown by sense
become matters of knowledge. The
Gospel in its adaptation to our wants,
which wants we apprehend by the in-
fluence of faith, enables us to see in

Christ the provision which we need for
our salvation. Faith is more than a
perception; it is an appropriation. God
giving grace by His Spirit to enable us
to act according to the instruction of
that Spirit, we are called upon, in the
volitional exercise of the powers with
which God has endowed us, to trust in
Christ and take hold upon salvation.
This is man's act with God's power.

Here we may notice the result of the
exercise of faith upon the individual's
condition in relation to God and His
law. We have reserved it for this
place to speak of justification by faith.
This is simply, on God's part, the ac-
ceptance of the repenting and believing
sinner. I do not much speak of it as
an act of the divine mind. God is
ready to save when, through His Spirit,
we are brought into such condition that
He may; but, as presented in our
thought, it is a divine action and judg-
ment accepting the repenting sinner in
consideration of Christ's mediation for
him, by which the individual is wholly
absolved from the guilt of sin. Faith
does not justify; it is simply the per-
ception of the believing spirit, and the
action of the soul consenting to be
saved through grace. On man's side,
therefore, justification is but the accept-
ing of Christ as his only and all-suffi-
cient Saviour—the total abandonment
of self-righteousness. Christ comes
into no partnership here. Two things
are to be observed—the absoluteness
of the justification, and the fact that
man stands utterly empty-handed,
saved by grace.

[Remainder next week.]

NOTES FROM OVER THE SEA.

Dr. John Cumming has his eye al-
ways on the "end." It is now immin-
ent. Europe is on the eve of the
greatest catastrophe which has ever
happened in the history of mankind.
All the Great Powers are arming them-
selves to the teeth, and for range,
calibre and destructiveness the artillery
with which they are arming themselves
is unprecedented. The baptism of
blood is at hand. France, Germany,
Italy and England are so absorbed in
money-making that Romanism and
skepticism are making gigantic strides
amongst the people. He said the im-
prisonment of the contumacious ritual-
ist, Mr. Tooth, had not been sufficiently
severe. The Doctor asserted a short
time ago that the Church of Rome had
expunged the title "Lord" from the
Psalms and substituted the word Mary,
and had also taken a similar liberty
with the Lord's prayer. For this he
was rather closely interrogated. John
Henry Newman has also appealed to
a Congregationalist minister. There
is a growing tendency amongst the
younger ministers of Dissent, to sneer
at Dr. Cumming; and when they dis-
cover any probable lapse from strict
accuracy, they eagerly seize and utilize
the Doctor's disadvantage. Mr. For-
saith, the minister who wrote to Dr.
Newman, did so more to obtain an oc-
casion for censuring Dr. Cumming than
to serve the cause of truth. And al-
though Dr. Newman's reply affirmed,
by implication, the correctness of Dr.
Cumming's statement, yet the *Christian
World* (London), true to its anti-evan-
gelical spirit, ignored the implied cor-
roboration of Dr. Newman, to raise a
laugh against Dr. Cumming. A recent
Romish controversy, Dr. Cumming
is an authority which could not be easily
disputed. As a prophet he is prone to
make blunders. He cannot decry the
future with any degree of certitude,
but he will prophesy nevertheless. He
cannot restrain that gift, or *penchant*,
or hallucination. He is, however, a
good and great man, and has a record
of useful and successful ministerial ser-
vice which any man might covet.

English Wesleyanism has paid a
very handsome compliment to Dr.
Curry. The current number of the
Wesleyan Magazine contains an excel-
lent likeness of the able and distin-
guished Doctor. 'Twas very pleasant
to see it. Few unofficial visitors from
our Church were ever received with
such cordiality and marks of distinction
and respect as were shown to Dr. Curry.
Of course his opposition to lay repre-
sentation commended him to the spe-
cial favor and regard of Wesleyan
ministers here, and his removal from
the chair of the New York *Advocate*
was referred to, even by the liberal and
independent *Methodist* of London, with
regret. Strong and trenchant, he
raised that paper to a position of literary
eminence, and gave it a place amongst
the foremost religious weeklies of your
country, from which it is to be hoped it
will experience no descent. Thousands
and tens of thousands of Methodists will
look upon the likeness of the venerable
Doctor with admiring appreciation, as
that of one of the leaders of the largest
branch of the great Methodist family.

The committee appointed by the last
Wesleyan Conference, to deal with lay
representation, has met and discussed
the subject. The representative Con-
ference will be composed of two hun-
dred and forty ministers and two hun-
dred and forty laymen. The eligibility
of lay representatives is thus defined: "No
layman shall be eligible as a representa-
tive unless he shall have been a mem-
ber of Society for five years' continuous
standing, and shall at the time of his
nomination be a member within the dis-
trict (within which he is nominated),
and shall be a holder of office, either as
a trustee of connexional property, mem-
ber of a quarterly meeting, or of the
district conference." The representa-
tive Conference shall elect one-eighth
of its own members from year to year.
It was determined that there should be
no direct circuit representation to the
Conference, but "that in view of all
the difficulties, representatives to the

Conference shall be elected by the dis-
trict meetings as at present constituted."
This would appear satisfactory if the
fact was not that the exclusively minis-
terial Conference will meet unmodified
and unchanged, as heretofore, and that
into this assembly no layman will be
admitted. It will deliberate and legislate
with closed doors, and after it has been
ten days in session and disposed of all
the important business of the Connex-
ion, then the representative Conference
will meet and settle all minor and fi-
nancial matters. The *real* Conference will
be guarded as closely against the ad-
mission of the laity as before. Lay
representation is simply the mixed com-
mittees of review of the past changed
in the order and time of their meeting,
and called a Conference.

The defined eligibility of laymen for
election to the representative Confer-
ences would fully entitle them to rep-
resentation in the other Conference—to
such representation as laymen have to
all the other Methodist bodies and all
the other Protestant Churches. Such
partial and *quasi*-lay representation will
prevent the union of the other Metho-
dist bodies with the mother Church; for
they would not accept it as lay repre-
sentation at all. Neither is it. The
days of secret ecclesiastical conclaves
are past, and whatever business Wes-
leyan ministers have to transact, they
must sooner or later do it before the
public and the press, and in conjunc-
tion with lay representatives. The
purely pastoral Conference cannot con-
tinue. Jesuit priests conspiring against
the liberties of mankind may meet in
secret for that nefarious purpose, but a
body of faithful and true ministers of
Jesus Christ should do their work in the
light of day. There is nothing concern-
ing Christ's kingdom or Christ's Church
that requires concealment; and private,
bolted-doored legislation by a body
of ministers is neither in harmony
with the spirit of the age, nor in ac-
cordance with the genius of Christ-
ianity.

Londoners have done an act which
will appear strange to the people of
your city, which is a stronghold of the
heresy which the maiden city of the
Island of Saints would not tolerate.
Professor Orr, one of the ablest and
most scholarly Unitarian ministers of
Ireland, visited Derry to lecture there
upon the destructive principles of his
sect. At the hour appointed, Corpora-
tion Hall was crowded, and when the
lecturer and his friends appeared on the
platform, they were welcomed with
tumultuous ebullitions of feeling which
indicated dissent and impatience. After
the noisy greeting had subsided, a
crowd of persons took possession of the
platform. Mr. Orr and his friends were
compelled to leave the hall, and had to
be escorted home by the police. Mor-
monism met with a similar reception a
few years ago in the same place, and
has not since appeared in the person of
its agents there. Unitarianism is at
least respectable, and its clergy are
gentlemen and men of culture.

There are two parties now in the
Unitarian camp in Ireland: the Con-
servatives, represented by John Scott
Porter, are almost orthodox; the Lib-
erals, represented by Professor Orr, are
almost theists. There is no sympathy
between them. I do not blame the citi-
zens of the "maiden city" for refusing to
hear Professor Orr. Belfast once re-
fused to hear Joseph Barker when he
visited that town in the interests of
Unitarianism, in which he halted for a
year on his way from Methodism to in-
fidelity. His career was a strange one—
motive and sad. The evil which he
did in the years of his infidel propa-
gandism still continues. Men who gave
up Christianity through his instrumen-
tality are still infidels. He returned to
Christ, professed to find pardon, recon-
cilement and salvation, labored to
caveat and undo the evil which he
did, and then died professing a good
hope, through faith, of eternal life.

MAGGOWAN.

Feb. 27, 1877.

LETTER FROM CANADA.

A multiplicity of engagements pre-
vented me from writing to you during
the month of February. Methodist
preachers cannot always do the things
that they would. The winter season is
usually crowded with meetings of vari-
ous kinds. Our missionary services
are not confined to the Sabbath. De-
putations consisting of two or more min-
isters are appointed to all our circuits
and stations, and besides preaching
two or three times on the Sabbath,
there are generally three or four public
meetings held on the following even-
ings.

At the General Conference which
was held in 1874, an Educational So-
ciety was formed, which is sustained
by collections and subscriptions taken
at public meetings held in the month
of February, to which deputations are
appointed in a manner similar to mis-
sionary deputations. Some friends an-
ticipated that great interest would be
felt in the educational meetings, and
that by and by a large amount of
money would be raised for educational
purposes; but such expectations have
not yet been realized, inasmuch as the
income of last year did not much ex-
ceed \$7,000. The object of the society
is mainly to aid the candidates for
the ministry to secure a course of in-
struction at one or other of our theological
colleges. Some three hundred candi-
dates are required every year to sup-
ply the vacancies of the various Con-
ferences. It would be well if the
Church could grant a course of instruc-
tion to all these; but last year only
fifty-eight could be sent to college,
some of whom were so anxious to at-
tend, that they even paid their own

expenses while preparing for the min-
istry. The educational meetings have
been mostly held—with what results
we have not yet heard; but we fear that
the wishes of the committee, though
very reasonable, will hardly be real-
ized. Times are hard in the Domini-
on, and though the amount asked for
is only \$16,000, we are afraid it will
not be reached.

The centres of population are the
places on which dependence is mainly
placed for liberal contributions, and in
these there are to be found large num-
bers of persons out of employment, and
local objects just now are calling very
loudly for support. The Church has
not yet felt its responsibility in respect
to providing for an educated ministry;
for though colleges have been estab-
lished in various parts of the Domini-
on for the youth of both sexes, still
enough has not been done for the the-
ological departments. We shall re-
joice to see the day when every candi-
date for the Methodist ministry is al-
lowed to have at least two years' in-
struction at our theological schools.

Your readers will perhaps remem-
ber, that a few years ago an attempt
was made, under the auspices of Dr.
Punshon, to raise an endowment for
our university at Cobourg, Ontario.
The amount of \$100,000 has been
promised, and the agent is now busy
collecting; but until the amount can
be invested, the institution will be in
very straitened circumstances. Dur-
ing the last few years a second ladies'
college has been established at Whit-
by, and a collegiate institute has also
been established at Stantead, and a
theological college at Montreal, Que-
bec. A collegiate institute has also
been commenced at Winnipeg, Mani-
toba. There is a very efficient and
well-sustained college at Sackville, N.
B., which was in existence at the time
of the amalgamation of the various
Conferences in the Dominion. So you
will see that the Methodist Church
here is true to her character, in attend-
ing to the educational wants of her
young people—at least to some ex-
tent—and so far those who have gone
forth from our educational halls have
not been any discredit to their *alma
mater*, for they have been able to oc-
cupy their respective positions with
credit.

In some of my communications I
have referred to the agitation which
we have respecting the Dunkin bill,
which cuts off all licenses to sell in-
toxicating liquors. Some counties have
carried the bill. In Prince Edward it
was carried a year ago, but a severe
contest has just been fought there, the
object of which was to repeal the law;
but a large majority has voted against
repeal. Two counties near my resi-
dence are now bravely contending for
the right. Meetings of the most en-
thusiastic character are being held.
The Licensed Victuallers' Association
have employed some of the best talent
they can command, to work in their
interests; but a few days will tell on
which side the victory is found. Never
during a residence of well-nigh thirty
years in Canada, have I seen so much
agitation on the temperance question
as now.

I regret to say that many of our leg-
islators do not help the temperance
cause. The premier of the Dominion,
though professedly a temperance man,
refuses to bring a prohibitory measure
into Parliament. The revenue receives
\$5,000,000 from the manufacture of
liquors; hence there would be a defi-
cit if such a measure were enacted.
A tax of \$1.20 per head would provide
this amount. At present the cost of
crime equals \$7 a head, and of the
25,000 persons in jail last year, 22,000,
according to official returns, attrib-
uted their ruin to the use of intoxi-
cating liquors. Our rulers of all polit-
ical creeds are slow to learn wisdom.
We want Christian men in our halls of
legislation. A few are there, but we
fear they are greatly in the minority.

Your columns are eagerly perused,
to learn the success of Messrs. Moody
and Sankey in your city. You will be
glad to learn that in several parts
of the Dominion of Canada various evan-
gelist movements are in progress.
We cannot say that we endorse all that
are thus employed. Pastors need to
be very watchful in these days respect-
ing such as labor among their flocks.
Bad results have followed the visits of
some with whom we have formed a
not very agreeable acquaintance. It
gives us pleasure, however, to state,
that while Methodists true to their his-
tory are still prominent in evangelical
labors, they are not alone. Other de-
nominations are becoming very Metho-
distical. Rev. Mr. Rainsford, from
Cambridge University, England, ap-
pears to be the most distinguished
evangelist at present among us. He
labored awhile in Montreal, where he
drew crowds to hear him, and now in
Toronto the cathedral of the Episco-
palian Church is crowded to overflow-
ing every night, to listen to his minis-
trations. He conducts Bible readings
in the afternoons, which are attended
by hundreds who seem to be eager for
the truth. The hymns of Messrs. Bliss
and Sankey are used freely. One
thousand copies of the "Gospel Hymns
and Sacred Songs," at five cents per
volume, have been purchased at the
Methodist Book Room, for use in the
cathedral. Is not this marvelous?

Your correspondent heard Mr.
Rainsford at one service, and was both
pleased and profited. There was both
learning and piety. There was no fastid-
ious taste, and we did rejoice with ex-
ceeding joy that such services were
being held in such a place, which is
frequented by what is sometimes

termed "the upper class of society."
Your space forbids me to enlarge, or I
could give details respecting the rev-
ival movements that are taking place
amongst us, that would gratify both
you and your numerous readers.

In Methodist circles there have lately
been a considerable number of church
dedications. These delightful evi-
dences of progress are not confined to
one Conference, though truth com-
pels me to state that the London Confer-
ence appears to be more favored in this
respect than any other. The president,
Rev. G. R. Sanderson, in one month
took part at no less than thirteen church
dedications. It is very gratifying to
record, that while churches are being
built in small places, it is in the cen-
tres of population where the best and
most costly edifices have been erected,
varying in cost from \$10,000 to \$50-
000. The "apostle of hard cash," as
Dr. Talmage designated Dr. Ives, of
your side of the line, has been much
called for. For some time past he has
been almost ubiquitous, and has seemed
to be as much a Canadian as an Amer-
ican. He is a most marvelous beggar,
and understands both how to take hold,
and not let go until he obtains all that
the necessities of the case require.
At one dedication, recently, he ob-
tained promises for \$8,000 more than
the actual debt.

An interesting episode occurred in
the House of Commons at Ottawa.
Mr. John Macdonald, who is the treas-
urer of our Missionary Society, and
sits in the House as one of the rep-
resentatives for Toronto, succeeded in
getting a committee appointed to con-
sider the propriety of opening the sit-
tings of the House of prayer, as is
done in the Senate. For a few days
there was considerable stir among per-
sons of various creeds as to what the
result would be. I am glad to say that
a form of prayer was agreed upon, so
that in future the Almighty will be ac-
knowledgeed in our halls of legisla-
ture. May such a course have the effect
of causing our members of parliament to
have less acerbity in their debates!

March 7. ONTARIO.

CONFERENCES—ANNUAL AND DIS-
TRICT.

VIRGINIA ANNUAL CONFERENCE.

The ninth annual session of the Vir-
ginia Conference was held, under the supervision
of Bishop Ames, at New River church,
Montgomery County, February 21-28.
The meeting-house is, in a sparsely popu-
lated community about ten miles from the rail-
road. The people were quite as generous as
could have been expected. The Conference
was something new under the sun—the first
thing of the kind ever witnessed by the in-
nocent Montegomarians. On account of the
distances and difficulties attending the travel
to and from "the homes," the sessions were
followed by religious services, including
of course, a sermon. This was a good
arrangement and had the tendency to bring
out the people.

Many of the preachers were hopeful in
anticipation of a more brilliant future for the
Conference; others who had spent all their
living and were consequently unable to con-
tinue in the pastorate for the want of an
adequate support, and were compelled to
take local and supernumerary relations,
were rather despondent. They had gone
forward in the "days that tried men's souls,"
and spent their money freely in anticipation
of a happier future, and now to be under
the necessity of falling back into the sick-
bed and death-bed relations, was exceeding-
ly painful. Some were anxious to be as-
signed to nominal relations that they might
engage in business and recuperate their means
with a hope of resuming active pastoral re-
lations; but the Bishop was inexorable.
Those who were "effective" must take
work or locate; and those who were broken
in health must accept pastoral assignments,
supernumerary or superannuated relations
or locate. The salaries of the poor preach-
ers, not being provided for by the Board of
Missions, or the book committee, and being
rather meagre, they had no other alternative
but to fall into "the dead line." Rev. E. P. Phelps
and Mitchell had escaped in the interval of the
Conference, in the royal way of a transfer,
but this gate had been closed and barred
against all others. All hands, however, ac-
cepted the situation as men generally do the
inevitable.

Twenty-three out of the thirty-five who
were assigned to pastoral charges at the
close of the first session held in Alexandria
nine years ago, do not appear in the list of
appointments; and of the twelve elders
who were traveling preachers at the or-
ganization March 31, 1869, only two names ap-
pear in the effective ranks. It is most re-
markable that none of the original number
have died. All our deaths have been those
of young men on trial, and in the dissemi-
nated. But one of our number—Rev. J. W.
Forsythe—has "joined another Church,"
and he was justifiable in so doing, we think.
An impostor under the assumed name of L. T.
Coplan, who was received on forged creden-
tials from the Georgia Conference M. E.
Church, South, and two probationers have
been expelled. None other of the preach-
ers, with these exceptions, so far as is known
to the Church, have been false to duty. The
Conference has been yearly filling so that
it presents the appearance of a new body.

At every session of the Conference efforts
have been made to increase the number
of the districts, but the measure has invariably
failed. In the case of the Abingdon district,
James Mitchell succeeded in getting it
divided, in the interval of the Conference, by
Bishop Simpson; but so great was the op-
positional number of districts was restored, so
that we only have three districts in the
Conference. There is a strong feeling
against the Presiding Eldership in its present
form, if not in any form. The impression
is that it don't pay expenses. We have 37
pastoral charges and 33 effective preachers.
I will give a summary of the proceedings in
another article.

CHARLES KING.

NEW BEDFORD DISTRICT CONFERENCE.

The second session of this body, for the
Conference year, was held in Fourth Street
Church, New Bedford, March 5-7. It was a
large and very enthusiastic meeting. The
preachers of the district were quite generally
present. Good feeling and harmony pre-
vailed. The discussions were spirited and
well sustained, and the reports from the sev-
eral Churches most encouraging. Presiding
Elder Mather represented the district as be-
ing in a better spiritual condition than at
any time during his term, while the pastory

reports indicated a sweet, healthful revival
interest existing all along the line. It was
an interesting fact that the greater propor-
tion of the revivals reported could be dated
from the Week of Prayer. "Father" Marsh
represented himself as not only able to "hold
the fort" at Vineyard Grove, but to make
fresh conquests for the Master. A good
work has been in progress among his people
for many weeks, and several conversions
have resulted. Catholicism, with her pro-
verbial sagacity, has already made provision
for a chapel on the "Bluffs;" still Metho-
dism, the mother of the Church, is not less
behind. The Conference put itself on record
in a strong resolution endorsing Brother
Marsh, and urging upon the Vineyard Camp-
meeting Association the importance of im-
mediately erecting a suitable place of worship.

Monday evening a spirited temperance
meeting was held, when the question, "What
is the relation of the Church to the temper-
ance cause?" received a pretty thorough
ventilation. Brothers Raymond, Humphrey,
Green, Tirrell, Nutter, Beale, and that oun-
tain of facts, Dr. Coggeshall—each endeav-
ored to throw light upon this important sub-
ject. It was agreed that the Church should
take even more decided a stand, and bring
not only moral but legal force to bear upon
the offenders.

On Tuesday, the question, "What can be
done to remedy the inequality in ministerial
support?" was vigorously discussed. It was
generally conceded that a return to the
old circuit system would be impracticable.
The action of the Missionary Board in cut-
ting off the appropriations so generally from
the home field, was characterized as a sort
of make-shift by which Peter has been made
to pay Paul; or, what is worse, by which
those already helpless and needy have been
made to contribute to the necessities of the
others. The organizing of a Home Missionary
Society in each Conference, according to dis-
ciplinary provision (art. 257) was earnestly
advocated. The vexed case-meeting ques-
tion also came in for its share of attention,
and recent pastors who fail to meet the re-
quirements of the discipline in appointing
suitable persons as leaders, and causing them
to report the condition of their classes,
received quite a severe handling. "Dan-
iel Quorn" was highly recommended
as a capital help on this question for any af-
flicted with indifference. After all, witty
Dr. Upham (senior) gave the true solution
of this problem when, after a rambling dis-
cussion, he said, "Oh! if that's what you are
talking about, I can answer the question for
you—Get more religion!"

Other questions were discussed, such as,
"The truths the pulpit ought especially to
confront at the present time," "The rela-
tions of Methodist preachers to the Book
Concern;" and "Is this a Christian nation?"
In handling which last, by the way, Brother
J. H. Humphrey, of Monument proved him-
self a keen logician, and a debater of no
mean power. The most attractive and val-
uable feature of the session was the masterly
sermon of Bishop Foster on Wednesday
evening, at the County St. Church, from
1 Tim. i. 15. Any attempt at analyzing this
grandly comprehensive effort would be sim-
ply futile; it was lucid, forcible, convincing.
A resolution recognizing the eminently suc-
cessful services of our retiring Presiding El-
der, Rev. J. Mather, was unanimously adopted.
Brother Mather has done faithful work,
and leaves the district in an excellent con-
dition.

On Tuesday evening a most bountiful
collation was spread in the vestry, by the ladies
of the Church, to which ample justice was
done. For this kindness, as well as the hos-
pitable entertainment afforded us in the
homes of the people, and the liberality of the
Old Colony Railroad, the thanks of the Con-
ference were presented in a neat resolution,
introduced by Brother A. E. Hall.

The several quarterly conferences reported
unanimously in favor of continuing the Dis-
trict Conference. If the laymen of the dis-
trict would take a part of the literary work
of each session upon themselves, fresh inter-
ests would be added, and great profit would
result. Would it not be well for future com-
mittees to assign them a place upon the pro-
gramme?

W. L. PHILLIPS, Sec'y.

Our Book Table.

CHARLES KINGSLEY'S *His Letters and
Memories of His Life*. Edited by his wife.
Abridged from the London edition. 1 vol.
8vo, 500 pp. Price \$2.50. Published by
Scriven, Armstrong & Co., New York. For
sale in Boston by H. A. Young & Co. The
grave has but just closed over the dust of this
talented man. It was only the other day
that he was lecturing among us upon West-
minster Abbey, of which he was a canon.
The author of *Yeast* and *Alton Locke*, of
Hypatia, *Alexandria* and *Her School*, and
several series of very plain and practical
sermons for the common people, interested
in all the discussions affecting the laboring
classes, professor of Modern History at Cam-
bridge, and an indefatigable rector of a vil-
lage Church at Eversley, a representative
Englishman, bold, manly, fond of the un-
adorned truth, devout, a poet, the idol of his
circle, and the centre of one of the tenderest
and most beautiful homes, few names among
Englishmen have been better known than his
for the last thirty years. He, strangely enough,
gave his sympathies to the South rather than
to the North in our late war, and boldly
rushed into print in defense of Gov. Eyre,
the tyrant and cold-blooded executioner of
the black men of Jamaica, because he heartily
believed him to be in the right. His own
mother was of West Indian extraction.
But his late visit to the country to see
son, located on our Western prairies, afforded
an opportunity to place himself right with
our people. No one that knew him could
doubt for a moment his downright honesty
and sincerity, or fail to be impressed with
his abundant information and brilliant ge-
nius. His wife's dedication of the book is as
delicate and charming as her love for each
other was intense and undying. The abridg-
ment of the English edition is a great im-
provement. It has omitted nothing of im-
portance to a full interpretation of his life,
and has the body of his delightful letters.
The book is both interesting and instructive,
and will hold its position readily beside the
very popular biographies which have lately
come from the press.

BERNARDINO OCHINO, OF SIENA; A Con-
tribution towards the History of the Re-
formation, by Karl Benrath, with an Intro-
duction by William Arthur. A. M. 8vo, 300
pp. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.
For sale in Boston by James P. Magee. The
Reformation in Italy opened at the close of
the fifteenth and the beginning of the six-
teenth centuries with even more promise
than in Germany; but in Italy the ecclesi-
astical power wielded the secular sword.
About 1520 Savonarola, the matchless preach-
er and ascetic prophet of Florence, making
the pulpit rock with his mighty denunciations
of the iniquity and immorality of the
Church, finished his career as a martyr.
Scores of leading Bishops and priests had
been in formal associations for personal
religious improvement and to secure reform
in the heart of the Church. At times some

sympathy with the movement would be
manifested by the reigning Pope; but at the
end of the first quarter of the 15th century,
disturbed by the spread of Protestantism
in Germany, under Luther, the Inquisition
was organized in Italy, and its most bloody
and effective work commenced. Just as
Savonarola went down, Bernardino Ochino
came to fill all Italy with

WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the New England Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, recently held in Boston, was a profitable as well as enjoyable occasion. Notwithstanding the severe storm on Tuesday, the house was well filled at each session. The careful attention given to all the exercises of the day, with the general note-taking by the delegates, showed the deepening and widening interest in the work of the Society.

"Three requisites to success in our work for missions" were considered as follows: Miss M. M. Loomis, of North Manchester, Conn., urged the necessity of prayer for wisdom to guide in all our efforts. Mrs. Taplin, while admitting that prayer was the first requisite in all work for the Lord, by many forcible arguments impressed her hearers with the fact that prayer without faith can be of little avail. Mrs. A. C. Knight, of Wilbraham, presented the third requisite, which was listened to with serious attention. Her statements were to the effect that while prayer and faith are indispensable, no great degree of success can be obtained without zealous, self-denying, personal effort.

Mrs. Rev. J. Mather, of Plymouth, Mass., read a paper upon the providential openings for the women of the land to assist in the promotion of the cause of Christ by faithful efforts in that direction.

An article from the annual report of the India branch of the W. F. M. Society, in regard to the wonderful work of a Bible reader, was read by Mrs. Taplin. Some pleasing remarks by Mrs. Pittsford, of Manchester, N. H., closed the morning session.

Scripture reading by Mrs. Beeman, of St. Albans, Vt., prayer by Mrs. Cushman, of Portland, Me., and singing by Mrs. Annie P. Clark, composed the opening exercises of the afternoon.

The work of the society in the various Conferences in our Branch was reported by the secretaries who have its supervision. Mrs. Rev. J. W. Guernsey presented the report for Vermont Conference. Mrs. Rev. Dr. Barrows' report for the New Hampshire Conference, was read by Mrs. Taplin, after which a consecration hymn was sung by Mrs. Clark.

At this point the President stated that delegations from sister societies were present, and introduced Mrs. A. B. Bowker, president of the Woman's Board of Missions, and Mrs. Prof. Hovey, corresponding secretary of the Baptist Ladies' Missionary Society, who extended kindly greetings from their respective societies.

The work in the Maine Conference was reported by Mrs. Rev. A. C. Trafton, and that for Providence Conference by Mrs. George F. Martin, of Providence. That portion of Connecticut lying within the bounds of the New York East Conference was represented by Mrs. Rev. Dr. Cummings, of Middletown. Mrs. Alderman responded to the call for a report for the New England Conference. The report of Mrs. Jewell, of Searsport, for East Maine Conference was meagre, and showed little progress in that locality. It is hoped a different state of affairs will exist before another twelvemonth shall have passed. From all other Conferences, except this and the New Hampshire Conference, came the most encouraging reports, especially in a financial point of view.

The "prayer" of "faith" and the "personal effort," which are sure to bring success, must have been remembered, or our treasury would not have been filled to the brim in spite of "hard times" and all the exciting occurrences of the past year.

An earnest appeal to the young ladies of the Church to engage more fully in mission work, was made by Miss Louise M. Hodgkins. We would there have been a much larger number of the class addressed, to listen to her.

And then came the little "veteran" missionary, Miss Porter, from Peking, China, looking more like one about to speak her first farewell words, than one who could relate so vividly an experience of five years in a foreign field. Though supported by another branch of our society, Miss Porter seemed like a member of our own family—so sweet and artless is she. How we would like to adopt her! Through the efficient labors of Miss Porter and our Miss Browne, of Melrose, who sailed together in 1871, a prosperous school (and other work) has been established in Peking. Should Miss Porter's eyes continue to improve, as she anticipates, she will return to her chosen field of labor next autumn.

Wednesday forenoon the report of the branch corresponding secretary (a part of which will appear hereafter) and that of the treasurer were presented. The old board of officers, with a few exceptions, was elected for the ensuing year. Mrs. Rev. Daniel Richards and Mrs. Rev. A. C. Trafton were elected delegates to the General Executive committee meeting, and Mrs. Meredith and Mrs. Guernsey, reserves.

The anniversary exercises of Wednesday afternoon were intensely interesting. The addresses of Mrs. McLaughlin and Mrs. Hills were as nearly perfect in manner and matter as human efforts can well be. The former eloquently exhorted Christian women to a more thorough consecration to the work before them. Personal responsibility was the subject presented by the latter.

Rev. R. R. Meredith announced his subject as, "The reflex influence of this mission work." To attempt a partial report of this address would be injurious to both speaker and his subject. It is to be hoped that Brother Meredith will permit it to be published in full, in due time.

THE CLOUD.

BY ELIZA A. OTIS.

"Every dark cloud has its bright silver lining." Oh, heed it, ye mourners so sad! Look up! even now, spite your tears and re- pinning.

In beauty your sky may be clad. At the cloudy low o'erhanging and roughest dark border,

Where 'tis fringed with the blackness of night, The Wise One has seen fit with splendor to border.

Its "lining" in arrows of light; And its hid splendors blaze, While we vacantly gaze Upon it, in anguish and fright.

For it turns in a moment its face brightly shining— Such triumph for us all unrecked; 'Tis the "chariot" of Him who, all power combining,

With infinite love, it has decked. And why should we fear, e'en though angry it lower, To empty upon us its wrath?

Where each chilling drop falls, a sweet fade- less flower Springs, to deck with new beauty our path; Then, its mists scattered so, Beams its soft loving gaze

On our souls, in an ambrosial bath. And for us behind it, in beauty is twining A garment for king's daughter meet;

Then, its mists scattered so, Till He may behold in us, sweet, His own image pure, who Refiner is sitting, His people for glory to fit;

He gives us no shadows in folly unwitting, When 'twere better our pathway be lit; And so our in our sky, To our grief-betided eye,

Naught but soft silver cloudlets may fit. The bright "garment of praise" is the vest- ment that weaves,— Our tear-drops will stud it with gems; Its last touch of beauty it may be receiving While our spirit the storm, patient, stems;

For the cloud at its blackest oft turns acquiescent To His will who has all in His hand; The "spirit of heaviness" flies, and a cre- cent Of promise the heavens has spanned.

And in sparkling robes bright Evermore, now, we're dight For a conquest of life, sure and grand. Scituate, Mass., 1877.

TEMPERANCE.

TOBACCO AND THE GOSPEL.

BY REV. N. L. BRAKEMAN, A. M.

There is something curious and in- structive in the alacrity with which men meet the demands of appetite and pas- sion, and the reluctance with which they respond to the claims of religion and humanity. Men— we blush to say Christian men—who complain of pay- ing a cent per week for missions, will pay 35 cents per week, yes, 70 cents, and some 100 cents per week, for to- bacco and think it no burden, but a pleasure.

I have some "bottom facts" on the subject, and give them to the reader. May they awaken reflections in minds not accustomed to think of the theme of this article. In preparing a recent lecture on The Commercial Advantages of Christianity, for the young men of Frankfort, Ind., I went to every house dealing in the article (except the sal- oons), and got the amount of their sales of tobacco, snuff, and cigars, for the last year, and it footed up over \$41,000. This, for a town of 3,000 in- habitants—over \$13.60 for every man, woman and child in the city. This in the hard times of 1876. And in some families where they suffer for both food and raiment, the tobacco is never want- ing! They can do without bread, but not without the quid, and the pipe, or cigar.

Of course this tobacco was not all consumed in Frankfort; much of it went to the country, but the city got its full share. Inquiry was also made into the personal expense of "the weed," and it ranged from five cents to \$1.25 per day, for each man or boy, that is, from \$18.50 to \$456 per year for tobacco. (This last sum is more than Michigan Town circuit, in our Conference, paid its pastor and his family, last year, for all their labor. Think of one man paying more for to- bacco in one year than a whole circuit pays for the Gospel!) There were twenty-two preachers in the N. W. In- diana Conference last year, who each received less money for an entire year's toil, than one man pays annually for tobacco. Let any lover of the "weed" chew that for a quid, or put it into his pipe and smoke it.

There are in my congregation (by actual count, and careful estimate) eighty-five men (who either belong to the Church, or are members of families where one or more of the household are devoted to the Church) who pay on an average ten cents per day for tobacco and cigars. (This is below the average, but let it pass.) This is \$8.50 per day, and \$3,102.50 per year. And that is more than double what it costs us to pay the Bishops, Presiding Elder, pas- tor, organist, and sexton for one year. In other words, less than 100 men pay, annually, twice as much for tobacco as 300 Church members pay, directly, for the Gospel. The Church is being aroused on the subject of missions. Is it not time for her to wake up on the tobacco question? Have ministers and members ever carefully and serious- ly considered the enormous sums of money annually squandered on cigars and tobacco—a useless, inconvenient, filthy, expensive, injurious, un- justifiable, heathenish habit.

The Commissioner of Internal Re- venue, at Washington, gives the total product of manufactured tobacco in the United States in 1874 as follows: Of all kinds paying 25 cents per pound of revenue, 104,502,648 pounds; snuff and

all kinds paying 32 cents per pound revenue, 3,245,143 pounds; total, 107,747,691 pounds. If we put the average price at 57 1/2 cents per pound (and that is low) it gives us in round num- bers, \$61,955,000. The number of ci- gars on which duty was paid in 1874 was 1,886,697,498. At 3 cents each, they cost over \$56,600,000; a total an- nual cost, in round numbers, of \$118,550,000 for tobacco, snuff and cigars. A writer in the New York Advocate (Rev. T. F. Parker) estimates the cost of the tobacco consumed annually, by the 5,000,000 members of American Churches at over \$19,300,000. And that, of this sum, Methodism pays over \$3,800,000. These figures are doubt- less inside of the actual facts. But, say they are twice too large, and then Methodism spends \$1,900,000 for to- bacco every year, almost \$2,000,000; say, if you will, that they are over three times too large, and make the annual tobacco money of Methodism only \$1,299,000, and yet what a shameful, not to say wicked, waste of the Lord's money!

I can name Methodist preachers who smoke from three to twelve cigars per day! How small a part of the tobacco money of the Church would pay our missionary debt! Who will begin a reform by quitting the habit and putting into the missionary treasury a sum equal to the amount annually spent, heretofore, for tobacco and cigars? "Let judgment begin at the house of God," and in the pulpit. Do some Christian men and ministers (and some women too) love the filthy "weed" better than they love God, and His Church, and humanity? Do actions speak louder than words? So says the proverb.

Physicians, physiologists, chemists, —all say tobacco is a poison, and that he who uses it shortens life. "Dr. Morgan says: 'I entertain no doubt that even the moderate use of this article, by impairing the general health, often shortens human life.' It was the opinion of John Quincy Adams that the average of human life is shortened five years by the use of tobacco. Suppose we limit the shortening of life to those who themselves use the article, which he did not, and suppose we make the shortening but half of what he did, it is a moderate estimate that puts the consumers of tobacco in the United States at two millions. Here, then, we have, in a single generation the sacri- fice of five million years of human life in the United States alone." It is the poison in this "weed" which gives it power to soothe, to fascinate, and en- slave its victims. Reader, are you its slave? Be free!

DR. CURRY ON THE WILL.

MR. EDITOR: I have been accus- tomed to read the editorials of Dr. Curry in the Christian Advocate, in times past, with great pleasure and satisfaction; but in his lecture on "Sin," as published in your paper of March 1st, are some things that seem to me to be philosophically absurd, and that need some further explanation. He says that "As God could make man left to himself, could only do good." And again, "If left to himself, man, as God made him, could not have sinned."

Now, I do not feel competent, nor disposed, to enter into any controversy with the Doctor, but would simply ask for a little explanation and for some further light on the subject. For, if a holy man could not have been self-tempted, how could a holy angel be self-tempted? If Satan was holy, and fell, what tempted him to evil, if he was not self-tempted? And if a holy angel in heaven could be self-tempted, to his fall, why could not a holy man on earth be thus tempted? And if Satan was not thus once holy, and afterwards fell, then he must either have eternally existed as an unholy being, or he must have been created unholy, both of which propositions I understand him to deny. The question is not, was Adam self-tempted, but was it possible for him to have been thus tempted? Can you, Mr. Editor, or he, or some other person, explain this mystery, or remove this difficulty? And thus oblige

AN OLD PREACHER.

A GRAND TESTIMONY.

I do not remember ever to have heard a more emphatic or impressive testimony in favor of a present, full, soul-satisfying assurance of salvation than that given by Dr. Campbell, for forty years pastor of the Prospect Street Congregational Church, New- buryport, on the occasion of Rev. E. Payson Hammond's late farewell meet- ing, held in the City Hall of that city. There was an audience of fifteen hun- dred persons present. The Doctor had been speaking in a very eloquent and animated strain. Closing, he had occasion to quote the verse:—

"When I can read my title clear."

Then said the Doctor: "I suggest an amendment to that verse. The way I want to sing it about these days is this:—

"Now I can read my title clear,"

To mansions in the skies, Now bid farewell to every fear, Now wipe my weeping eyes."

And the Doctor sang the changes on the word "now." "Now," said he, "now, now, now, wipe my weeping eyes."

The glorious old Doctor has evident- ly found out the blessedness of the time-honored Methodist, or rather Paul- ine, doctrine of "full salvation." The Lord bless him! It is just good enough for him; and the best of it all is "there is always more to follow."

R. H. H.

A short autobiography of Barry Cor- wall is in press in England.

Commercial.

BOSTON MARKET.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

March 27, 1877.
FLOUR—Superfine, \$5.00 @ 5.20; extra, \$5.75 @ 6.25; Michigan, \$6.75 @ 7.75; St. Louis, \$8.00 @ 9.00; Southern Flour, \$6.75 @ 8.25.
GRAIN—Mixed and Yellow, 37 @ 38c; 38c; 39c; 40c; 41c; 42c; 43c; 44c; 45c; 46c; 47c; 48c; 49c; 50c; 51c; 52c; 53c; 54c; 55c; 56c; 57c; 58c; 59c; 60c; 61c; 62c; 63c; 64c; 65c; 66c; 67c; 68c; 69c; 70c; 71c; 72c; 73c; 74c; 75c; 76c; 77c; 78c; 79c; 80c; 81c; 82c; 83c; 84c; 85c; 86c; 87c; 88c; 89c; 90c; 91c; 92c; 93c; 94c; 95c; 96c; 97c; 98c; 99c; 1.00; 1.01; 1.02; 1.03; 1.04; 1.05; 1.06; 1.07; 1.08; 1.09; 1.10; 1.11; 1.12; 1.13; 1.14; 1.15; 1.16; 1.17; 1.18; 1.19; 1.20; 1.21; 1.22; 1.23; 1.24; 1.25; 1.26; 1.27; 1.28; 1.29; 1.30; 1.31; 1.32; 1.33; 1.34; 1.35; 1.36; 1.37; 1.38; 1.39; 1.40; 1.41; 1.42; 1.43; 1.44; 1.45; 1.46; 1.47; 1.48; 1.49; 1.50; 1.51; 1.52; 1.53; 1.54; 1.55; 1.56; 1.57; 1.58; 1.59; 1.60; 1.61; 1.62; 1.63; 1.64; 1.65; 1.66; 1.67; 1.68; 1.69; 1.70; 1.71; 1.72; 1.73; 1.74; 1.75; 1.76; 1.77; 1.78; 1.79; 1.80; 1.81; 1.82; 1.83; 1.84; 1.85; 1.86; 1.87; 1.88; 1.89; 1.90; 1.91; 1.92; 1.93; 1.94; 1.95; 1.96; 1.97; 1.98; 1.99; 2.00; 2.01; 2.02; 2.03; 2.04; 2.05; 2.06; 2.07; 2.08; 2.09; 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ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1877.

These closing days of the Conference year should remind the itinerant to set his ecclesiastical house in order. Finish up all the work legitimately belonging to you, so as to give your successor a clear field. Look up all the people, especially the stray ones. Place every name on a visiting list, with residence and indication of relation to the society, that the new pastor may have his whole force in hand at once.

See that the Church records are all in order, that the officers are properly filled, that the whole Church is in working condition. Complete the financial work of the year. Do not leave a deficiency to be raised by your successor. This is a very bad habit into which some preachers are quite apt to fall. It is an embarrassment to the new man, and often spoils the first part of his year. It is a wrong, inasmuch as the active, efficient man is taxed to pay the bills of his more careless or indolent brother. Pay as you go, and each for himself.

Do not leave old difficulties to be settled after you are gone. If possible, extract every root of bitterness and let him who comes in find peace and harmony prevailing in the whole Church. There is nothing more troublesome or difficult to manage than an old score, in the first days of one's pastorate. He does not know the parties, nor is he able to estimate the circumstances, and feels quite incompetent to handle the case. It ought not to be turned over to him.

Have your reports all ready to hand in to Conference the first day. Be sure that they are accurate. The value of statistics depends on their accuracy. If you have received only \$1,000 salary do not report \$1,500, claiming that you have paid \$500 yourself. That is a kind of fiction that deceives your successor. Put down the exact amount of receipts. That is what the people want to know. If you have only 100 members whose whereabouts you know, do not report fifty more conjectured members of whom you know nothing. Be accurate. Report facts and not fancies.

The revival work goes bravely on in this city. There is something amusing, if it were not so serious, in the assembling of a handful of cultivated people whose sympathies and activities lie entirely outside of the wide circles affected by the evangelists, meeting together and asserting to each other in various forms of expression, that the revival is a failure; that it does not, after all, reach Boston; and that whatever influence does come from it is harmful! All this time thousands are constantly gathering to its services. On the very night, we believe, of such a meeting as we have referred to, one of Boston's most cultivated clergymen, in the same earnestness of spirit, preaching the same Gospel as do the evangelists, addressed in the Tabernacle nearly seven thousand people; not a small section of them the elite of Boston in social position and education. The meeting on Monday morning is also a vital part of the revival agency now in operation, arranged by the same Christian men, and devoted to the accomplishment of common results. Does it not reach Boston? The practical results of the teachings of the Tabernacle afford a significant response to the cold criticisms of a polished society. The scores of saved prodigals, the new activity in Christian work of ministers of Christ, the earnest awakening of merchants to the moral condition of their clerks—all these are significant signs both of the power and the wholesome work of the work now going on in this city. All true reforms are from below. A revival in the upper classes would soon exhaust itself. A leaven placed in the lower strata of society never loses its vigor. Christ came to seek and to save that which is lost. What, for the peace, and purity, and power over temptation of their fellow-men, are these doing who coldly criticize the self-sacrificing devotion of their uneducated but more noble and useful fellow workers?

The work is spreading very widely throughout New England. We hear, on all sides, not of sweeping and overwhelming revivals, indeed, but of quiet, constantly growing and very refreshing religious movements. If the evangelists had done nothing more than to awaken fresh interest in Bible reading, and to develop the wonderful power that lies enshrined in its inspired pages, all their labor and the expense of the undertaking would be amply compensated. The special feature of the week has been the very excellent, spirited and spiritual meetings of the merchants in Tremont Temple. Besides this, special daily meetings have been held in a number of churches about the city, among the market men, and those engaged in the leather trade. The meetings with the lecturers, among the young men, the boys' meetings and the women's meetings, have

more than sustained their previous interest. Mr. Moody said last week, he had never seen more encouraging signs in any series of services in which he had been engaged.

As a minister your success will depend very largely on the individual effort you put forth to reach and save the people. People feel us when we touch them. Many can be reached in no other way. They have no tendencies to the Church; they are constantly drawn outward towards the world. If you would save them you must go after them, and get near enough to them to make your personal magnetism felt. Persons who are never attracted toward that abstract thing the Church, are sure to feel the influence of a warm human heart.

Many preachers fail to save the people because they undertake to do it by public speech. They reach after them at arm's length from the pulpit; but not one in a thousand succeeds in it. They are not sufficiently charged with magnetism—with that indefinable spiritual power which moves and moulds men. Those near by are reached, but the more distant ones escape you.

The thousandth man, like Whitefield, is ended with the surprising power to move masses of men; the other nine hundred and ninety-nine must be content to adopt the more ordinary method of personal contact. Learn to talk with people, to engage their attention and win their heart. Make yourself agreeable, and let them see by close contact the religious spirit which pervades your life.

In the use of this means no devoted pastor can labor without seeing the fruit of his labors. In this way men of moderate talents have often been extremely useful in leading multitudes to the sanctuary and to salvation; while even great preachers who make no exertion out of the pulpit, preach to empty pews and wonder why God does not bless their labors. Let them roll up their sleeves and go into personal work, and God will give them fruit.

The Lord occasionally moves by platoon; but most of His victories are by the efforts of sharpshooters. You may kill by firing into the flock, but you will be more likely to do so if you take good aim and each time single out some individual. And if you get one in this way a chance shot may bring down several others at the same time. Draw the bow at a venture only when you have a chance to do nothing better.

We should not forget that personal preaching is the only sort that hits anybody or that does anybody any good. Your dealing in glittering generalities will be little understood, and less cared for, by those who hear. There is no preaching that requires more wisdom, and it should always be uttered with the unctious of holy love.

The Bible abounds in instances of personal preaching. Nathan drove the arrow to the heart of the king, and Paul made Felix tremble by pressing the truth to the conscience of the guilty ruler. On the day of Pentecost, Peter secured his three thousand by making each man feel that he was a sinner, and that he could be saved only by personal repentance and hearty faith in the Lord Jesus.

The great reformers and revivalists have ever dealt in this style of weapon. Luther in his enthusiastic deliverances made men single out themselves, and Knox's hearers seldom went from his sermons without trembling. The queen felt herself in guilty prominence; and all his auditors quaked as under the voice of God.

The preaching of John Wesley, though calm and simple, was searching and direct. On more than one occasion strangers thought him speaking especially to them. The arrow directed at a particular character had reached its man and awakened him to a sense of his individuality and responsibility. If your discourse be adapted to meet the known case of a particular individual, many others will be sure to be reached also. Hit the individual and you will reach the mass.

Nice distinctions in the use of terms are not indispensable to a genuine conversion. Clear and Scriptural directions in the simplest form are to be desired; but many find Christ when very blindly directed. Indeed, if one is really panting after a vision of the Saviour, He will come to him, through the office of the Holy Spirit, in the use of whatever human agency may be availed of; or even entirely without it. Christ draws to Himself. The Spirit brings Christ to the heart. The faith that saves, which is a blessed union of apprehension and trust, is of itself a divine birth. While faint and blind, using such aids as we find at hand, we work in the divinely appointed steps towards salvation, the Spirit worketh in us to will and to do of God's good pleasure. No one can fail to find Christ who really longs for Him, and at once believes on Him and obeys His words. A miracle would be wrought, if necessary, to disclose Christ to him as his Saviour; for the greater includes the less; God having given His Son will not withhold the necessary aid to enable the willing sinner to apprehend Him.

In the great field book of God, each disciple has a part assigned him; and in order to the best success in life, you must know and perform your work. You need to know not only what is the great scene of labor, but more especially to discern which particular part has, in the order of Providence, been assigned to you.

In Jerusalem, the walls rose only as each man builded over against his own house. He had a specific duty and that duty was close at home. Do the thing next to you and God will let you know if He has any work further out for you. The fact that you are dropped down where you are, indicates that you have something to do there. The Lord does not bring in workmen where He has nothing for them to do.

That you desire to do some extraordinary thing is not a good sign. The Lord has few extra-ordinary works, and most of them

He chooses to perform Himself. He made you to do the common work—that near your door—and is best pleased with the spirit of humility which is content to do little things when the will of the Lord is so. "He that is faithful in least."

You will never regret that you trusted in Christ. That repose in His blood and merits is no mistake. In your varied pilgrimage, you no doubt see many mistakes and wish many things you have done were undone. It is a sad thing that they cannot be reversed, but must travel on with you to the judgment. But in your sad and checkered life it is a blessed fact that your devotion to the Saviour will remain a bright and luminous spot on the path to immortality. It was a glad day; the memory of it will remain precious, so long as you cling to the Cross. Why will any one hesitate to perform an act which no one can regret? Why travel any longer in the paths of evil which must be the source of eternal regret, and so carefully avoid the way of peace? Why?

Mr. Murray, in his memorable Music Hall sermon, seems to confound the faith which unites the penitent heart with Christ, with the mature form of it which is the natural result of a clear apprehension of the obligation arising out of the divine love in the interposition and death of a Saviour—the condition of initial salvation with that of its progressive development. The first apostolic direction to an awakened and penitent sinner is "to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," to accept and trust Him as a personal Saviour, at that moment securing for him pardon for his sins. Then he more fully apprehends the greatness of the love and sacrifice, his faith swells into a positive and active consecration of his being to His service:

Floods of grief cannot repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

The more intelligent and absolute the trust in the divine provision, the more hearty and active will be the consecration. One of the most impressive periods in a remarkably tender and solemn sermon of Dr. Shedd, then pastor of the Brick Church, New York, was when, in a discourse upon faith, he insisted, that the saving element of it was trust; not so much an act, as a ceasing to act, and an unhesitating rest upon the promise of God. There God meets us with His creative work, forming us anew in Christ Jesus. He needs no suggestion or help from us. Heaven and earth may pass away, but not one jot or tittle of a divine promise until all be fulfilled.

Be sure of this, that you will never be lost because you have sinned, or even because you have sinned grievously; but you are in danger of being lost because you will not accept the help afforded by the Lord Jesus. You are not condemned because you belong to a lost humanity, not even because, in consequence of your connection with this damaged race, you have fallen into actual transgression; but this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world and you loved darkness rather than light. "He that believeth on Him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed on the name of the only begotten Son of God."

The sinful nature with which you were born you are not able to help; but you are able to accept the help of Christ. This is easy—is duty, and God will hold you responsible in the day of account. Do not stop to speculate about your sin, but accept the remedy for it.

The world is awakened and saved not simply by the truth, but by truth incarnate. The word must be translated into life—be made flesh; the apostle must go forth to exemplify the teachings of the Book. The Bible is important as a body and standard of truth; the man is indispensable to bring its teachings down to the apprehension and sympathies of his fellow-men. Truth needs to be humanized to move and attract us. These which God has joined, can never be safely separated. Those are in error who send forth the Bible alone; and others equally who make man the standard.

ROMANISM.

Dr. Daniel Dorchester read a carefully-prepared essay, at the last meeting of the Social Union, upon the rise and growth of the Roman Catholic Church in Boston, and a very interesting discussion was excited by it. Romanism obtained a firm foothold in New England whence it had been banished by law, and in this city, about the same time that Jesse Lee preached his famous sermon under the Boston Elm, and the first humble Methodist chapel was erected upon Hanover Alley. The perversion of a Congregational minister, Rev. Mr. Thayer, who had traveled upon the continent, to Romanism, and who preached in its first humble structure on School Street, gave it a social status that it had not enjoyed in the Puritan city before. By his estate, after his death, the foundations of the memorable Ursuline convent, on Winter Hill, were laid, whose burning by a mob created not a little sympathy for the then weak Catholic Church, as well as became the occasion, so it is believed, of the burning down, in succession, of nearly every Protestant church in that portion of Charlestown now bearing the name of Somerville. The excellent character and commendable citizenship of Bishops Cheverus and Fenwick, the early Bishops of this Diocese, greatly softened the almost instinctive New England antipathy to Romanism, and greatly strengthened the Church in Boston.

It is only in the last quarter of a century, however, that the Catholic Church in this vicinity has taken upon itself large proportions, built fine, commodious and permanent structures for its worship, established colleges and

parochial schools, founded convents, reformatories and hospitals, multiplied its various orders of clergy, teachers and sisters of charity, and become, in our largest cities, one of the most active of the Christian sects in outward manifestations and material growth. It is only within this period that its progress seems to have specially attracted the attention and awakened the expectation and zealous inspiration of the Roman court and the head of the Catholic Church. Within these years the Church in this country has been gradually brought to a unity of action, and by subtle, slow, but sure steps, has obtained for itself not simply social but political recognition; has forced itself with its sectarian usages into public institutions, and, by working, in certain cities, with corrupt rings of politicians, has obtained for itself large grants of lands, and endowments for sectarian schools, reformatories and hospitals. As only one illustration of this, we may mention, that in the city of New York, two immense suites of turreted buildings, each capable of receiving two thousand children, have been erected and furnished (with the exception of small voluntary contributions) from the public funds, one as a reformatory for boys and the other for girls, entirely under Roman Catholic supervision, and are now annually supported out of the city treasury; and besides all this, this arrogant Church clamors for admission, with all her distinctive ceremonies, into the unsectarian reformatories of the city.

No intelligent Protestant desires to forbid the legitimate and honest growth of Romanism, only in so far as the frank and proper utterance and spread of the truth, as we receive it, may of itself emancipate minds that we believe to be enthralled and beguiled—an opportunity which Romanists equally enjoy with us for the conversion of Protestants. We do not wish to visit upon them the discipline which the Pope exhorted Maximilian to administer to all anti-Romanists in Mexico, and which, through his emissaries, he is seeking to enforce, at the present time, in Spain. We are willing to afford them the same freedom and defense in their chosen form of worship that we enjoy ourselves, and we cheerfully appeal to God, in the use of our spiritual modes, for His divine attestation, in the growth and purity of our Churches, as to the Scripturalness and spirituality of our faith. We are not troubled at the erection of these substantial stone cathedrals and parish churches. We commend the generosity and devotion which establish all their schools, and reformatories, and hospitals, where they are erected by voluntary contributions. We would not destroy one of them if we could. We are glad that the long neglected emigrants, the poor, wretched inmates of tenement houses, the vicious children, the inebriates, and the sick, who number themselves as without in the Catholic fold, are being better cared for. We heartily rejoice in all the moral, educational and reformatory measures which have been instituted by the communicants of the Catholic Church. They are doing a remarkable work among their own people. The great gain in statistics which has occurred within a few years has not been at the expense of Protestantism. The perversion in the ministry and in the membership, or even from the unfolded Protestant population, have been exceedingly small in proportion to the numbers of baptized and professed Romanists who have been brought, by our earnest evangelizing instrumentalities, into our fellowship. Romanism has not yet begun to save all of its own children who have emigrated from the other shore of the Atlantic, and their immediate descendants.

We are free to say, also, that organized missionary efforts in quarters of our cities where Romanism prevails, are not likely to be as successful, as in Mexico, South America, or even Italy, where the Roman Church has been for years the sole occupant of the field, and has not felt the inspiration and light of Protestant example. The Roman Church in the United States, while still a threatening presence on account of its civil relations to a foreign semi-political as well as spiritual power, and because of its unity of political action, enforced by the highest ecclesiastical authority, has a mighty moral force over its own disciples; and contains within itself, with all its human perversions, the leaven of faith in a divine Saviour. The city missionary is not now finding the same conditions among the class of people that dwell in the purely Catholic portions of the city that he did a few years since. They are better educated; their outward life is much improved; they go regularly to their own churches which are near at hand; they are more temperate; their children attend Catholic Sunday schools; and they are strongly fortified against the approaches of Protestant arguments and appeals. Morally and religiously the Roman Church, brought in our cities and towns, side by side with the Protestant Church, and inspired by the vigorous propaganda of the latter, has done much for the lower classes of the population, and for the children which have claimed her for their ecclesiastical mother.

There are simply but two defensive steps which are necessary to be taken for our own safety, and to meet our responsibility to our own convictions of truth and duty: We must boldly, persistently, but in a Christian temper, set forth the serious misinterpretations and neglect of the Bible, on the part of Romanists. We must press forward in all proper ways, and with all Christian earnestness, the work of evangelizing our cities; we must institute courses of public lectures to set forth, after the manner of Gladstone and our Secretary Thompson, the essential opposition of Romanism to all free institutions; we must keep our public prints alive to the discussion, so that the minds of the community will be awake and sensitive to the persistent encroachments of this powerful and united body upon the common weal, and generally educate the whole community upon the questions in debate between the two great divisions in the Christian family. Light is a deadly enemy to darkness. The Roman Church is every day affected, and powerfully, by the bracing atmosphere of intelligence and freedom in which it has its development with us. The young people of the Catholic body are powerfully impressed by it. Parochial schools will not save them from its influence. There is morally, at least, a gradual reformation going on in that communion. If God should breathe upon this Church again His Spirit, and raise up other Luthers, Melancthons, Savonarolas and Ochinos, who know that all these institutions bearing the sacred symbol of Christ's cross, may be redeemed to His pure service, as were the colleges and cathedrals of Great Britain?

But, secondly, we must make a positive and unyielding stand upon our American laws and traditions. The canon law of Romanism must not become the rule of our schools or of our public institutions. These are to be unsectarian, not irreligious, not Godless, not unsanctified by prayer and the reading of the Bible; but they must not be dogmatic nor denunciatory. The State must not become an evangelist, and seek to make Baptists or Romanists. This we will not submit to. The public school and the prison, under the control of the State, shall have their discipline determined by the State, and no false or weak sentiment shall permit them either to be turned into propagandas of doctrines, or to be divided of a religious atmosphere and the saving leaven of the Bible.

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH.

Three events have recently added to the discussions and distractions of the English Church—the fact that it is, in spite of its boasted conservatism, having more internal discords than any other religious body, unless we except its Episcopal representative in our own country. These three facts are the meeting of the English Church Union, a society of High Churchmen, in drawn battle against the Liberation Society, (the latter organized for disestablishment) the annual meeting of the evangelical clergy, and the imprisonment of Rev. Mr. Toth.

The latter has been the great event of the times in the ecclesiastical world of England. Not only Ritualists, but High Churchmen, generally, have taken side with Mr. Toth, and the Episcopal clergy of Scotland (noted for their High Churchism) have united in subscribing to a petition in his behalf.

The High Church party has placed itself in a bad predicament by their zeal for the clerical prisoner. No party has heretofore been more urgent for government interference against "liberal," or "rationalistic" clergymen. It has clamorously demanded their repression, their expulsion, their punishment in any and every legal way; but now that the law takes hold of one of their own brethren, they cry out lustily against "persecution for conscience sake." This Mr. Toth has been a reckless offender. He persisted in his ritualistic excesses against all law and Episcopal remonstrance; rousing such popular tumults as turned his parish into a mob. No one can deny that he violated the laws of the land applicable to such cases. The London Telegraph rightly says: "He cannot say that he has been condemned for conducting religious worship according to his conscience. He is at perfect liberty, now out of the goal, to conduct the most extreme ritualistic service he can devise, provided he will do so on his own responsibility, and in a building not assigned by law to be used on certain conditions. He is not forbidden to do certain things; he is only forbidden to do them in a given place which he holds in the character of a trustee. As long as he claims privileges which are secured to him by secular courts, he must obey the mandates of those courts; but he can emancipate himself, at any moment, from their authority. If he is a martyr, it is for a triviality; but it is a triviality which he is at perfect liberty to enjoy under 'proper conditions.' This is a perfectly fair statement of the case; and the English Church Union, in denouncing the government, only denounces all law and order. While Church and State are united, as in England, the State must enforce its laws, or go to destruction. The fault of the whole matter is a radical one; not that which the Church Union alleges—it is the union of Church and State. Disestablishment is the only remedy, and the Liberation Society sees this fact, and rejoices in the distraction of the ecclesiastics. Punch becomes melodious over the meeting of the Church Union and sings:

"English Church Union! For a style
More fit, in vain might satire search;
Its members working all the while
To disunite the English Church."

We do not wonder that thoughtful Churchmen look on these events with astonishment and alarm, and that the Bishop of Gloucester, in his late annual letter, says: "The attitude of the counter-reformation movement is now de-liberate opposition to the royal supremacy, and unveiled rebellion against the law of the land."

There can be no doubt that these centrifugal tendencies of the Establishment

will hasten on disestablishment. The whole Church is surging with agitation, and the usual practical good sense of Englishmen seems to become confounded and extinguished whenever it attempts to enter within the sphere of these ecclesiastical tumults. They extend to the exterior fields of the Church. In almost every important city of the continent the Establishment has, for years, maintained divine service for the accommodation of the numerous English families who travel, or reside abroad. In many of these the opposing tendencies of High Church, Low Church, Ritualistic and Broad Church parties, have become quite rancorous—a sad spectacle to other Christians, and an argument against the common faith to scorners and skeptics. In Rome, where, if anywhere, Protestantism should show its best wisdom and catholicity, such discords have become notorious. In Geneva the English Church has been divided—one party occupies the church edifice, withstanding the Bishop of London (it is said); another (of High Church, or ritualistic proclivities) meets apart, not two minutes' walk from their brethren, and with ceremonial entertainments endeavors to divert towards itself the little English community; meanwhile the American Episcopalians, who once worshipped with their fellow-citizens in Geneva on a common platform, as the American Union Church, have left all the other combined denominations of their countrymen, and set up for themselves. Of course "Churchy" peculiarities are the only reason for this policy. The American example, there in the midst of Europe, of a common worship, based upon the essentials of our common faith, has been about ruined. Rev. Mr. Bacon, who had charge of the Union Church, has retired, hopeless of repairing the breach, as he informs us in the New York journals. There is a fearful responsibility, somewhere, for these lamentable evils.

The evangelical clergy of England, at their late meeting (comprising three hundred Anglican clergymen, with several Bishops), mourned over the dissensions of the Establishment, but seemed not to know what to do, save to go on in their old course of preaching the truth of the Gospel, as brought out in the Reformation, and await the providential result of these distractions. This is, perhaps, their only practicable course. We believe that they have an important mission, and that, in due time, God will prove it to them with demonstration and power. These papal tendencies and follies of the sacramentarian parties cannot last long; they will be sure to overreach. English good sense will, sooner or later, throw them back; and then the evangelical men of the Establishment (perhaps amidst the agitations of disestablishment) will find their opportunity. "Man's extremity is God's opportunity," says St. Augustine.

LETTER FROM ROME.

[Continued.]

The British and American Archeological Society, with which the name of Mr. J. H. Parker is most familiarly associated, holds its meetings from time to time, and the proceedings, together with the various excursions made by the society, are reported in a semi-monthly bulletin, edited by one of its members. During 1876, very little was undertaken in the way of excavations, and I am not informed that any different policy has been adopted for the current year. Two reasons could probably be assigned therefor: One, the want of sufficient funds; and the other, the obstacles thrown in the way by government officials. We hear of some interesting discoveries being made in other portions of Italy—in Pompeii and in the neighborhood of Montefiascone in Etruria—but the most interesting (a report of which has doubtless reached you) is the one recently made at Venera, near Mantua, where upwards of 50,000 Roman coins, silver alloyed with bronze, were found by some peasants in two amphorae. They extend over the reigns of sixteen emperors, having amongst others the "image and superscription of Augustus."

We have just passed through the excitements of another Roman Carnival, which, after nearly two weeks, wore itself to its weary end. Every one who spends the season here is expected, I presume, to have something to say of this peculiar festival, which is doubtless thought worthy of a little petting on account of its descent. I doubt, however, if there is any one who has seen it for the first time, who does not confess to a feeling of disappointment. For flimsy and unmeaning tawdriness I question if the Carnival has any equal. Outside of Italy it would be an impossibility; for it is only the spirit with which the Romans, both high and low, enter into it, that saves it from being ridiculous. The main feature, to which everything else is made secondary, is the race of the so-called "wild" horses through the Corso, the principal street of the city; and this is repeated nearly every day during the Carnival season. The horses, usually about ten in number, after having a pad, in which are sharp spikes, fastened to their backs or flanks, are let loose and made to pass over a high rope. The leap drives the spikes into the flesh and sends the poor beasts at a furious rate down the street, which is guarded on either side by files of policemen and soldiers, and headed in by the dense mass of eager spectators. At the farther end, about a mile from the starting point, heavy folds of drapery are let down across the street to prevent the racers from dashing themselves to pieces against the walls of the houses. Prizes are, of course,

sawarded to the fleetest runners. In addition to this there are masked processions, balls, illuminations, etc.; but I am assured that without the race of the wild horses the Carnival is nothing.

I hear the same complaint in Rome, that has been reiterated so often in all parts of Europe for the past year or two, of a great falling off in the number of visitors, and of the apparent unwillingness of those who come, to invest as largely as in former years. Of the foreign element here, I judge the German to be by far the greatest. In the museums and galleries one meets from two to three Germans to one of any other nationality. The American representation is, I should say, comparatively small.

I ought, perhaps, to mention that "his holiness," the Pope, other reports notwithstanding, is quite well this winter. We had the privilege a short time since of paying our respects to him, and found him exceedingly well kept for one of his years. He had a benign and pleasing face, which involuntarily predisposes one in his favor. Were it not for the color of his hat, his peculiar dress and general appearance would give him quite the look of a Quaker. He still pleases to call himself a prisoner, and refuses to receive any one directly or indirectly connected with the existing government. It is perhaps impossible, or at least unfair, to measure at present the events of his reign; yet for one thing history will unquestionably hold him responsible, and that is for the increase of Mariolatry throughout the Catholic world. If there is any one sight here more pitiable than another, it is the worship of the Virgin and saints, to be witnessed daily in the three hundred and sixty-five churches of this city. In what respect this form of idolatry has any advantage over that of pagan Rome, I am unable to conceive. Although this state of things exists, yet it is pleasant to know that a work of great good has been begun here, that may, let us hope, eventually effect the regeneration of Italy. Our noble missionaries often have occasion, doubtless, in the midst of untold obstacles thrown in their way, to feel, "Who is equal to these things? But the Master is honoring their work."

I hear nothing but praise of the new public school system introduced under the present régime. A gentleman, whose long residence here makes him an excellent authority, said to me that he considered it nearly equal to our own. It is certainly a hopeful sign for Italy, for the ignorance of many, even of wealth and station, is almost past belief. Such in all time past has been the fruit of Roman Catholicism.

As far as I can learn, it is very healthy here this winter. In fact, it is very difficult to find any one who will admit that it is ever otherwise, save, perhaps, during the months of August and September. There is no doubt that the better cultivation of the soil has already had an ameliorating effect upon the climate, and if it shall ever be possible to make the waste places blossom again, what was said by Pliny eighteen hundred years ago, may be repeated by some future historian, that "such is the happy and beautiful amenity of the Campagna, that it seems to be the work of a rejoicing nature."

G. G. BUSH.

Rome, Feb. 24, 1877.

Editorial Items.

Will our excellent editorial brethren of the Southern religious papers who account us morbid in our opinion of the moral and social condition of Southern society, and insist that we are abused by our correspondents in that part of the country, be pleased to read the article upon South Carolina morals in the April Atlantic, and a previous contribution from the same pen treating of the political condition in that State in the March number, and tell us whether the statements there calmly made, and illustrated by many actual incidents, are correct and fair. They are not written by a "carpet bagger," by a white minister preaching among the colored men, and soured by the social ostracism he suffers, by a Southern tourist, by a reporter sent out to gather up facts to establish a theory; but they are written by an educated, professional Southern man, to the manner born—evidently a Southerner in his sympathies and loyalty. He sees more vividly than some of our own correspondents the evils and outrages which have been suffered at the South at the hand of the governments established since the war. He does not overestimate the abilities and promises of the black man, and does see his ingrained iniquities, and has a lively sense of his ignorance, superstition, and proneness to intemperance and the lowest crimes. With all this there is such a picture of justice, of criminal violence, of lawlessness, and of inhuman abuse, as can only be paralleled, even if equalled, by the statistics reported in Bulgaria which have awakened the indignation of the civilized world. And in several instances are recorded bloody acts, visited as matters of personal revenge, upon Northerners by white men, for attempting to secure legal rights, which, according to the press in the vicinity through fear of personal abuse, and no effort has been made to arrest and prosecute the offenders. Now what does this, in all Christian fairness, mean? Could such violence possibly occur at the North without arousing the whole community? Can no testimony of eye-witnesses at the South, either of home-born, or of imported citizens, be received and relied upon? Does nearly every body that speaks of the South in Northern prints bear false testimony? It is right to say that the name of the author of these articles is known to those in this vicinity who freely bear testimony to the reliability and intelligence of the witness. And here we may be permitted also to say, that a clergyman whom we well know—a college class-mate, with his wife—a cultivated and very intelligent lady—visited Eliza Follen at her own residence, whose truthful story has been so persistently denied, and were fully convinced from personal examination, and from conversation with those who knew her, that her terrible story was literally true. Her mangled body still gives affecting evidence in confirmation of her testimony. We only

allude to this to show that it is not upon hasty or unreliable evidence that we base our convictions of the moral and social condition of portions of the Southern States. No persons can have more influence in turning this terrible tide, and securing the redemption of the South from the evils that the able Christian men who give tone to public sentiment through the religious press.

The monthly meeting of the Social Union was held in Wesleyan Hall, March 19th. At the appointed time the guests were welcomed to the bounties of the tables by the president, Major Danrell. A hymn was sung, after which grace was pronounced by Rev. C. L. Eastman. When the "tablecloth was removed" and the business of the evening disposed of, Rev. Daniel Dorchester, D. D., read a very able paper on "Religion in Boston," giving a very clear and comprehensive statement of its introduction into this city, its progress and present strength. The essay was followed by short addresses from Dr. Peirce, Rev. Mr. Merdith, Mr. Warren P. Adams, of the Boston school committee, and others. The occasion was one of special interest, and all must have felt benefited by the exercises of the evening.

The President moves slowly but wisely, with his cabinet, in the very delicate and difficult work of settling the difficulties of the States that are now afflicted with a double executive government. The last measure—the appointment of a commission, outside of Congress, to investigate, and report on the merits of the different parts of the land, to visit and consider the problem on the spot—meets with general approbation from all but impetuous enthusiasts and fire-eaters. Time of itself is a marvelous counselor; and an honest intention to do right and seek the real pacification of the country, is an excellent state of mind in which to devise the most wholesome plans. Party politicians are quite sure to be disappointed with the result; but there is an evident crystallizing through out the country of a body of earnest and patriotic citizens who are disposed, in this emergency, to seek the best welfare of the land and all its citizens, irrespective of personal and political predilections.

The community has become very well instructed as to the value of life insurance; and the universality almost with which it is used now by all classes in the community has secured the establishment of an immense number of offices, and the gathering by them of vast sums of money. This money falls into the hands of small corporations, and they manage it as they choose, subject to a very elastic public supervision. The result is, a large number of the companies have failed during the last few years, and of late, some institutions, heretofore considered entirely reliable, have been found rotten to the core, and their funds dissipated by fraudulent officers. Last week, under a legislative examination in Albany, it was disclosed that the most fabulous amounts of money have been paid to the leading officers of certain large life insurance companies. The salaries of presidents have reached nearly \$40,000 per annum, and one chief agent of a large company had received, in eighteen years, nearly \$500,000, as his percentage upon the business. Now, two things are rendered very evident: First, the price of life insurance is far too high; and second, a different and more thorough system of official supervision over them must be established. There is coming to be a general distrust, in which the reliable as well as the unreliable companies will suffer. Some radical changes in management—in office outlays, in reference to surrendered policies, and in investments—must be made, to secure a full return of confidence.

The last of the Union Temperance gatherings in Tremont Temple, held through the wise generosity of Mr. Faxon, of Quincy, was the Woman's Christian Union. It was in many respects the most interesting of the series. The crowd was immense. Every seat and standing place were occupied, and the enthusiasm of the hour was inspiring. Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, the president of the Association, presided, and the religious services were conducted by Rev. Mrs. Gustin. Mrs. Livermore's address was, as it always is, admirable in matter and manner. She is the Wendell Phillips of her sex, graceful in manner, with a fine musical voice, fluent, strong and incisive, and yet perfectly womanly and persuasive in her appeals. Miss Frances E. Willard, who made the chief address of the evening, quite captured her audience with her first sentences, and held them till the close, often calling down the house with hearty applause. She is very much at ease upon the platform, with considerable of the characteristic Western freedom of manner and illustration. She made a trite theme throb with fresh life, as she showed that the meeting in which they were engaged was, after all, a war gathering, a veritable anti-slavery war-meeting; and then recounted what women had been doing in the present great fight in which they were engaged, and what remained to be done. At times her periods were quite majestic, and her close was marked by a thrilling eloquence rarely heard on such occasions. We know of no more effective temperance orator, and, indeed, of no more persuasive religious teacher. The meeting was altogether a remarkably interesting one.

The frightful confession of John D. Lee, on the eve of the appointed day of his execution, of his participation in the terrible Mountain Meadow massacre, which occurred some fifteen years ago, adds even to the crimson horrors of this bloody affair. He fully acknowledges his relation to the crime, shows that it was premeditated and arranged by the heads of the Mormon body, and participated in by a number of his highest officials whose names are given. Special heavenly favors were promised to those men who took part in the affair. The awful blasphemy of Brigham Young, in assuring Lee that he had spoken to God about the matter and had received His approval of the butchery, will send a thrill of horror through the whole land, and awaken an unpassable cry, not merely for the punishment of all the leaders implicated in the bloody affair, but for the wiping out of the whole corrupt and polygamous association, and the faithful execution of the law of the land throughout its territory.

The April number of the *National Repository* was one of the promptest of the monthlies in its publication. It is a good number and will afford its patrons excellent reading. We are glad to know that its circulation already considerably surpasses its predecessor. Dr. William Wells opens this number with an illustrated paper upon Turkey in Europe; Mrs. Harris gives a graphic picture of a visit to a Shinto shrine; Miss Pershing, daughter of Dr. Pershing, of Pittsburgh, a vigorous and vivid writer, has a lively account of a trip to the Geysers; Rev. W. H. Daniels is still after "That Boy"; Rev. J. Palman writes well of Socrates; and

Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson gives especially fine poems entitled "Venus," "D. W.," the odor of whose hand cannot be disguised, has a very able as well as very radical article upon Our Annual Conference, and the Miscellaneous is attractive.

Potter's *American Monthly* for April, has its usual attractions. Among the subjects treated we notice: "Architectural Progress as seen in the Religious Edifices of the World," by Rev. Dr. Blackwood; "The American Drama," by A. E. Lancaster; "Cotton Spinning," its history, growth and development; "Signals and Signaling," by Captain S. B. Luce, U. S. N.; "During Forty Centuries," "A Chat about the Doctor," and "Some Savage Virtues." These articles will well pay perusal, as will also a variety of topics touched upon under Notes and Queries, Literature and Art, Science and Mechanics. The magazine is well illustrated, and is a very cheap publication, in view of its many attractions. It is published by J. E. Potter & Co., 617 Sanson Street, Philadelphia.

As you near the Conference, do not fail to gather carefully every dollar of benevolent money which has been subscribed, or which on application to individuals may be obtained. This is a year when all our charities are in need. The collections have been reduced by the hard times. People who once gave liberally are no longer able to do so. Small churches hardly see their way to do anything; and large ones find so many home embarrassments as to preclude large contributions.

Under existing circumstances the mites are not to be overlooked. The sum of our benevolent moneys must be an aggregate of the little, to an unusual extent. Every dollar will tell; and if each preacher will exert himself to enlarge even by a little the resources of our treasuries, the sum of the whole will be considerable.

It is always a pleasant sight to see brothers who are bound together by the cords of fraternal affection. This pleasure was afforded us a few days since by a call from our highly-esteemed friends, Mr. T. G. Stickney, of Bangor, Me., and Mr. John N. Stickney, of Rockville, Ct. The latter is the editor and owner of the *Tolland County Journal*, and is not only a live editor, but deeply interested in all the moral and religious movements of the day.

The New York Methodist Preachers' Meeting has taken measures to veil both its wisdom and its folly from public vision. It has re-organized its plan, and now admits only traveling preachers and local ministers who are acting pastors. All reporters have been politely bowed out, with the assurance that they will be informed of all matters of public interest. Doubtless, the progress of society will not be hindered by this restraint upon "the freedom of the press."

Prof. Eush, late of the Vermont Conference Seminary, Montpelier, whose interesting letter we publish from Rome, writes in a private note: "I purpose to leave here to-morrow evening, Feb. 28, for a short tour through Egypt and Palestine, and on my return shall hope to spend a month or two in Greece. If possible I shall endeavor to write you from the last-named country. My address during my absence and up to June 1st, will be, care Mayaguez, Hooker and Co., Rome, Italy."

The *Northwestern* devotes a broad side and a leader to a report of a convention of class-leaders held on the afternoon and evening of March 12, in Chicago. Very interesting and profitable addresses were made by laymen and ministers, and a new inspiration must have been awakened in regard to this important and too much neglected Church meeting. The report would make an excellent tract for general circulation.

Rev. C. W. Morse, a venerable member of the Maine Conference, now superannuated, but for the last forty-six years one of the most devoted and successful pastors of the connection, has been enjoying for a few days the revival meetings. He has found, and is in hearty sympathy with them, and is one of the sweetest and happiest of the old salts of the Church, still on this side of the river.

Dr. Kynett gives the Church another valuable and attractive Church Extension Annual. It contains a full report of the late anniversary upon which we have already commented, with Dr. Peck's address, and in addition valuable suggestive papers upon church building and the different localities where the society is doing its best work. The Doctor has forwarded us several electrotypes of graceful and cheap chapel and church elevations, which we may use hereafter in our columns.

Rev. Dr. James Porter, called to Monson, Me., by the funeral of his brother, Deacon Porter, was invited to remain and conduct revival services with the United Methodist and Congregational Churches. He has been with them for ten days, and the meetings have been interesting and profitable.

Rev. L. L. Hanson, of Dexter, Me. (East Maine Conference), and Rev. Charles Parkhurst of the Vermont Conference, called at our rooms last week. They were refreshing their hearts in attendance upon the meetings held by Mr. Moody.

Rev. T. J. Abbott has reached his New England home. He takes an appointment next year in the New England Conference. He has performed an excellent service during the last three years in Charleston, S. C., and leaves behind him many friends, as well as some who have not been so friendly to his patriotic devotion to the country and his Christian devotion to the man of color.

Ex-President Merrick, of the Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, writes in a private letter: "Our tour has been visited with a very gracious outpouring of the Spirit. Some three hundred have professed conversion, and still others are seeking salvation. God still hears and answers prayer; let the earth rejoice."

Bishop Harlan reached New York last Saturday. His traveling companion has already reached home. The Bishop has recovered from his African fever, and is in the enjoyment of fine health. He remains a few days in New York.

Rev. H. McKeown, of Frederick, Canada, brother of our Doctor McKeown, a very able and popular Wesleyan minister, is passing a week or two in our city attending the Tabernacle meetings.

We had a pleasant call from James J. Anselow, esq., editor of the *Newcastle Advocate*, of New Brunswick—a leading Wesleyan of the Province.

Roberts Brothers have originated another series of stories, entitled *Town and Country Series*. The first of the list is *BEN MILNER*, and

Wooling, by Holme Lee. A very natural, prettily-written and wholesome story, with a good breath of fresh and unconventional rural life breathing through it.

Mr. Francis Carpenter of Glendale, R. I., has donated \$2,000 to the Greenwich Academy—\$1,000 for the debt, and \$1,000 towards the endowment fund. We hope that many of our Providence Conference friends will follow this generous example.

How do the figures read on your paper? Don't fail to remember that pre-payment is the rule, and every subscriber should see that the figures should be January, 1878.

Notes from the Churches.

MASSACHUSETTS.
Winter Hill.—The M. E. Church at this place is reviving. God is in our midst. The Church has "taken a new departure." Revival meetings have been in progress for several weeks, in which over seventy souls have been led to "turn to the Lord and seek salvation," most of whom are now "sounding the praises of His dear name." Brothers Smith and Dill, of Boston School of Theology, have been of great service in the meetings. The membership has more than trebled during the year. The Lord is still giving success to the work.
D. McCREGOR.

Topfield.—Since watch-night sixty-one have here penitently said, "Pray for us!" Forty-six of these have professed conversion. Twenty-six have been received on probation. Special meetings are still being held.
PASTOR.

Lowell.—The Highland M. E. Society of Lowell, during the past fifteen months, have been sufficiently prosperous to build and furnish a new chapel on Loring Street. The services have been well attended, the religious interest maintained on an increase, and the prospect seems good for a flourishing society in that vicinity. Brothers Wm. S. Studley and Jos. H. Mansfield, who have labored so earnestly and successfully in St. Paul's, Central, and Highland Churches, are soon to leave us for other fields.

Monson.—In this place extra meetings are being held with increasing interest, in which the Congregationalist and Methodist Churches are united. Rev. James Porter, D. D., of New York, is preaching every evening. There seems to be a prospect of the most extensive revival the town has ever known.
A.

Webster.—This is one of our largest village Churches. The Sabbath-school numbers 300. The social meetings are excellent, and some new cases who have sought Christ are of special interest. The missionary cause has been kept before the people, and the annual collection advanced to \$4 a member. The sisters of the Church also raised \$100 for the church debt by the sale of dollars on the church debt will be paid this year, leaving but \$3,000 on a central, noble property.
A.

Fitchburg.—Union religious meetings have been kept up daily since the Week of Prayer, with very little intermission, and a great number of souls have been brought to the fold. The work of the Church and some conversions have been the result. Last week Rev. C. J. Fowler, the evangelist whose labors were so successful in Lowell, Lawrence, Salem, and other places, held revival services at the First Methodist Church, with many hopeful tokens. The old city begins to manifest signs which gladden the hearts of the faithful, and which justify the confidence of those who think a mighty awakening is imminent.

Westfield.—It is very natural for a preacher to feel at the close of his pastorate in any place, that outsiders may have an interest in the work of the Church, or that something has been done worthy of mention. I have sometimes had this feeling, but have rarely indulged it; and now I propose to compress into a few paragraphs what might easily be expanded into columns. The special work contemplated by the Westfield Church, when I came here in '74—the erection of a house of worship—has been successfully accomplished. The edifice is one of the largest erected by American Methodism: Extreme length, 130 feet; width through the towers, 84 feet; height of steeple, 225 feet. It is symmetrical in proportions, harmonious in its arrangements and coloring, and furnishes a greater variety of accommodations than any other church that I have seen or heard of.

All the wants of a great society are provided for. The first story contains six rooms besides the large vestry, and furnishes ample accommodations for prayer-meetings, class-meetings, social gatherings, and the Sabbath-school. The auditorium, which has 1,400 sittings, is remarkably pleasant, and its acoustics perfect. I have never seen such a church or hall so well adapted to public speaking.

The trustees are considerably in debt, but they have in their hands a large amount of real estate, the income for which more than pays the interest on their debts and the taxes on the property they hold. There is no mortgage on the new church. Our social organizations are flourishing. The ladies' society keeps a good outlook for the social welfare of the people, and cordially invites old and young to its gatherings and well-arranged tables, in the ample parlors of the church. This organization has furnished carpets and cushions for the new church, and has raised nearly half the funds requisite to meet its obligations, which amount to \$3,000.

This Church is fortunate in the character of its people, and the kind of work which it has a large number. They represent quite a variety of callings, and several of them have had the advantage of the higher and professional schools. More than twenty are engaged in different places in public instruction. "The young people's society" has supplied the Church with a magnificent organ from Johnson's manufactory, and has already paid towards it about \$5,000. Its social and literary entertainments are of an elevated and attractive character. As a sample, one announcement was, "An evening with Bryant." A scholarly young lady gave a finely written essay on "Bryant and his Works," and three or four members read selections from his poetry. Music enlivened the occasion. Such gatherings exert a moral as well as an intellectual influence. The Sabbath-school is well conducted, and has had more than its ordinary growth, though three schools, one of which is advertised as "union" school, have been started in our immediate vicinity. The Sunday-school concerns surpass any that I have attended in other places. They are neither theatrical nor bawdy performances. The most influential young people frequently take part in them.

Our people have done something to show the public how to furnish Church music. They have employed a competent teacher of music, Mr. Amos Wainwright, of Springfield, for two winters, and have raised the necessary funds by subscription, giving free tickets to members of our own congregation and Sabbath-school. The young have cost about \$200 each, and have had an average attendance of 250. The result is very satisfactory. During these three years of financial pressure, \$10,000 have been raised—nearly paid and not merely subscribed—for the new church, for current expenses, and various benevolent objects. The Conference collections have fallen but little below their average in previous and prosperous years.

The religious interests of the Church have not been forgotten. We have twelve weekly classes, and, according to statistics gathered by our Presiding Elder, Westfield Church is the banner Church of the Springfield district in class attendance. Aside from the regular prayer-meeting, which is quite an institution, scores of meetings have been held in different parts of the town. More than 70 have been received on probation, of whom 22 have been admitted to full connection with the Church. Sixty have been admitted by letter, and thirty of the probationers left by our predecessor, making a total addition of 132. We have lost from our ranks by death and removals 73, leaving a net gain of 60.

The Church is strong in its members, in its wealth, in its organizations, and in the intelligence and character of its members. We have had general peace and every interest of the Church has prospered. To God be all the praise! In a few days, I shall be ready to the good people with whom I have spent, in my two pastorates, five years of active life, and with whom I have rejoiced in the work and salvation of the Lord.
J. W. TWOMBLY.

THE COMMERCE OF BOSTON.
At a recent meeting in the Merchants' Exchange, in this city, Mr. W. H. Lincoln read a very able paper on the Commerce of Boston. It contained many suggestions and statistics in relation to the influence of trade upon the nation, in advancing its wealth and population. This, in a great measure, depends upon its commerce; and the same conditions that may secure thrift and prosperity to a nation, will bring life results to its commercial ports. It was argued very forcibly that a sea-port should not rely upon its manufacturing interests, and that its influence should be wholly for its manufacturing and commercial interests are identical.

When business is active, commerce will prosper; and manufacturers will prosper in proportion to their facilities in obtaining the raw material, and also in sending their goods, when manufactured, to other markets. These two great interests cannot be separated without resulting in serious damage to both. For these reasons it is claimed that whatever promotes the commercial prosperity of Boston is an advantage to the manufacturer, and that he profits both directly and indirectly by it; and the future prosperity of the city depends very largely on the measures adopted to protect its commercial interests. From its earliest history the merchants have manifested great interest in this source of wealth. As early as 1630, one year after the settlement of Massachusetts Bay colony, a ship was built in Boston. From that time to the present, Boston merchants have not ceased to manifest an interest in ship-building, and some of the fastest ships that ever floated, which in their day had a reputation that was world-wide, were built in the vicinity of it, and owned in Boston. In the last ten years, however, various causes have combined to diminish business, and lessen the importance of this port as a great commercial city.

It may be an interesting fact to state, that notwithstanding the great decline of the commercial port of Boston, it is still frequently brought to our notice, there are 106 ships managed and owned in Boston out of 701 ships recorded as owned in the whole United States. Nearly one-fourth of all the ships of the country hail from the port of Boston, and represent a value of over six millions of dollars. I can now show you only ships strictly so classed. There are over 700 vessels of all classes controlled in Boston.

The causes that have led to the decline of our commerce are not so much the destruction of vessels during the war, as the laws that discriminate against American-built ships. Instead of the United States being the cheapest place to build ships, it has become the dearest. It is difficult for wooden ships to compete successfully with English iron built. They come in competition in every port, and the iron ships, which cost less than those made of wood, sail at less expense, and are chartered, in preference, at higher rates of freight. The protection which the government gives to iron is working disaster to commerce. The ship-building interest of this country is still held to the old "theories of two hundred years ago, long since exploded and discarded by all the nations of Europe, Russia only excepted." Boston once enjoyed a large trade with the East; that now, in part, has gone to other ports. The China trade has been diverted mainly to New York, while a fair proportion of the Calcutta trade still comes to this port. This business, however, has been very unprofitable for a few years past, and many of the merchants have failed who have engaged in it. German and English firms, with branches established in New York, are rapidly getting control of the Eastern business; and it is doubtful if Boston will be able in the years to come to increase her trade in that direction. The trade with Java and Australia shows an increase, and there are encouraging indications for the future in this direction. Commerce with the West Indies is steadily increasing, and as the products of those islands are in constant demand in this port, there is good reason to anticipate an increasing trade. The imports from Cuba to this port were over \$5,000,000 last year, and from Porto Rico \$600,000.

Commerce with South America has not been very extensive, but efforts are now being made to develop a larger trade; and there is no good reason why Boston should not control a liberal share of it, as it is as favorably situated to do so as any port in the Union.

It seems hardly creditable, that even a part of our mails should be obliged to be sent to South America by the way of England. To retain our commerce it is necessary to have an inland transportation at the same rates as other shipping ports. Some of the great lines of railroads to the West are controlled by New York interests, and they have been so managed as to discriminate against Boston. It is of the greatest importance that a line of railroad to the West shall be controlled by the merchants of this city, or by the State, that ships coming to this port may secure return cargoes on as favorable terms as the products of the West can be obtained from any other port. The interest of commerce demands equal rates of transportation to and from the West; and when this is secured, a brighter day will dawn on the commerce of this port.

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W. T. WORTH, Secretary.
Gleanings.—On the evening of March 21st, a company of one hundred and twenty from Lowell, representing the three M. E. Churches, there was a visit by special train to R. A. Mansfield, esq., of Nashua, agent of the Nashua Manufacturing Company, and a former resident of Lowell. The occasion was a most enjoyable one. Rev. Mr. Mansfield, pastor of the Central Church, Lowell, and wife were of the company; also the mother of Mr. Mansfield, an earnest Methodist, and a visit by special train to R. A. Mansfield, esq., of Nashua, agent of the Nashua Manufacturing Company, and a former resident of Lowell. The occasion was a most enjoyable one. Rev. Mr. Mansfield, pastor of the Central Church, Lowell, and wife were of the company; also the mother of Mr. Mansfield, an earnest Methodist, and a visit by special train to R. A. Mansfield, esq., of Nashua, agent of the Nashua Manufacturing Company, and a former resident of Lowell. The occasion was a most enjoyable one.

RHODE ISLAND.
Just over the Massachusetts line there has been a season of refreshing which is worth reporting. The Week of Prayer at the Methodist and Congregational Churches at Attleboro' under the leadership of the pastor, Rev. J. C. Gowan and Rev. Mr. Bell, united in religious services and in a thorough visitation of the people. It was soon evident that the Lord was in the movement, for there was not only a quickening of the Churches, but a spirit of anxious inquiry on the part of sinners. Early in February, Rev. C. J. Fowler, of New Hampshire, lent his aid, and the work progressed till our hands and feet were weary, the most of whom have been happily

converted. It has been a work of great interest and power.

The Church at Middletown has met with a severe loss in the death of Brother W. G. Sherman, whose decease, after a brief illness, occurred March 20. He was one of the strong men of the Church, and will be greatly missed. He was a brother of Major General T. W. Sherman.

A series of interesting revival meetings is in progress at the Hope Street Church. Brother Kingsley is being aided by Rev. Adam Chambers, an evangelist of the Baptist denomination.

The revival meetings continue at Thayer Street, Newport, though the Sisters Smith have returned to their home. Among the recent converts is a member of the police—a class meeting, but not often found seeking religion.

An explosion of the Thames Street church furnace on the 17th inst., endangered, but fortunately did not destroy, the building.

A very pleasant gathering of the paragon society of the First Church, Newport, took place on the evening of the 15th inst., increasing its funds to the amount of \$60.

More than a usual spirit of inquiry prevails in the Mathewson Street Sunday-school, and quite a number of the pupils have found pardon.

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HAMILL'S</

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Second Quarter.

Sunday, April 6.

Lesson II. 2 Kings iv, 25-37.

BY REV. W. E. HUNTINGTON.

THE SHUNAMMITE'S SON.

A rich woman in Shunem had become a cordial friend of the prophet Elisha. Having no children, she had bestowed unusual kindness upon Elisha, and had induced her husband to fit up a room in their house for his use, that he might feel the freer to come and partake frequently of their willing hospitality. Elisha feels a deep gratitude for the generous affection shown by the Shunammite friends. He wants in some way to repay them. He has no money to give for their love. If he had, money cannot be made an equivalent for real kindness. So he asks if he cannot do them a favor. Elisha knows that he is respected among the great men of the nation, and therefore asks the woman if he cannot beg the king, or the general of the army, for some favor to be bestowed upon her or her husband. But this worthy couple had that quality which always belongs to true nobility—contentment. She replied, "I dwell among mine own people." She did not care for any other eminence than to be counted good and hospitable among her kindred and friends. They were both happy, and were not longing for civil or military distinction. Yet Gehazi, Elisha's servant, with a keenness of insight that shows him to be more than an ordinary servant, recognizes the childless condition of this kind hostess; and when Elisha seems to be at a loss to know what he can do for her, his servant suggests, "Verily, she hath no child." He knew no gift could give such joy to her heart, or be such a perpetual source of earthly happiness as a child. The prophet is moved to ask this treasure from God for her, and with the assurance that belonged to him as prophet, he promises her a son. Her boy was just becoming companionable, when, in the harvest field, one day, he was cut down by a sunstroke; and the distressed mother hastened to Elisha to let him know of her loss.

She went, and came unto the man of God to Mount Carmel. She undoubtedly expected that the prophet could help her, in this hour of grief. If he could do no more, he could certainly speak words of comfort and sympathy. She ordered her servant to saddle an ass, and drive with all possible speed to Mount Carmel where Elisha was now spending some time in devout solitude.

Led by a blind instinct, in her bewilderment of grief, she lifted the lifeless child in her arms, and went up and laid him on the bed of the man of God, and shut the door upon him, and went out. In her great trouble, the mother thought at once of the prophet, who had been related to the gift of her child (Monday Club Sermons).

Yonder is that Shunammite. Elisha saw her before she arrived at his lodge, and directed the attention of his servant to her as she approached. The ride from Shunem, situated at the southwestern base of little Hermon, to Mount Carmel, was five or six hours, by saddle—thirty or forty miles.

It is usual for Oriental women to ride on asses, accompanied by a servant, who walks behind and drives the beast with a stick, guiding the animal to the speed required by his mistress (Jameson).

Run . . . and say unto her, Is it well with thee? etc. The prophet had a lively interest in the Shunammite woman, and evidently suspected bad tidings as he saw her hurried approach. He was anxious, and sent Gehazi to meet her with the three questions concerning the three members of the family. There are no griefs like those of the family. Domestic joys and domestic sorrows are the keenest. And Elisha felt that there must be some bitter affliction, that had fallen upon that beloved home in Shunem, to bring the woman to his lonely stopping-place in this mountain, in such haste.

She answered, It is well. There are two interpretations possible for this answer. Either Gehazi put the three questions in rapid succession, and in the bewildered state of mind which grief naturally produced, the woman answered for herself and husband, "It is well," shutting away entirely any reference to her dead boy; or, we may imagine the grief-stricken mother to say, with tears streaming down her cheeks, and yet with a heart full of trust in the Lord who had given, and had taken to himself again, her child—"It is well." For she was certainly a pious woman, and such a faith was possible to her.

This whole story is one of the most pathetic in all the Scriptures. The way it is told, and even the facts themselves, are full of the finest delicacy of sentiment and religious poetry. The servant, Gehazi, appears to bear a tender part throughout the epic. The woman is of the highest type of Jewish women, noble in station, kind of heart, refined and devout in all her bearing. The husband appears only dimly in the background, but seems in perfect accord with his wife. And Elisha, the chief figure in the picture, is the honored guest, the prophet of promise who foretells the birth of the child; the comforter in grief when in that home the child is taken away; and finally the restorer of life to the joy of the stricken parents.

She caught him by the feet—a most expressive act; she bowed in grief, speechless, before the prophet, yet clinging to him as a consoler.

Gehazi came near to thrust her away. He was bound, as Elisha's servant, to see that no intrusiveness was manifested, even by this woman of Shunem, towards the dignity of his lord, the prophet. It was not unkindness towards the woman;

but he did not see the reason for her paroxysm, and was only showing himself scrupulously careful of the dignity of Elisha.

Let her alone. The prophet penetrated, by his better wisdom, the reason of this reverential act of the woman, and would not allow Gehazi to interfere. Oftentimes in the ministry of Jesus, the disciples were troubled because the distressed and sinful ones who felt the need of coming close to the presence of the Great Healer, urged themselves, intrusively the twelve thought, upon their Master. But there was infinite compassion in His heart for just these burdened souls. Elisha had a like compassionate heart. Every Christian ought to possess that quality:—

He hath a tear for pity, and a hand Open as day for melting charity. Shakespeare.

Her soul is vexed within her—or bitter, grieved, sorrowful. Elisha saw that the noble woman was suffering an unutterable affliction.

The Lord hath hid it from me. For some reason the Spirit of God, who had often opened to him secret things, did not reveal the trouble which had brought the woman sorrowing to him. But Elisha did not intrude upon her a single question.

Did I desire a son of my lord? This question must have disclosed to Elisha, in part at least, the secret grief of the woman at his feet. How many troubling questions arise in the bereaved heart as it struggles against the afflictive loss, and tries to find a solution for the mystery which is never solved this side the veil! The child had been given her without her asking. She had settled down into a contented, though childless life. And then the great joy, all the greater because unlooked for, came; but came only to be snatched away by relentless death.

Did I not say, Do not deceive me? She had begged the prophet not to lead her to expect such a blessing unless he was sure God would grant it. Now she reminds Elisha of this by her question, which contains a delicate complaint, so natural to her mother-heart; that after all, while the child had been given, yet he had been taken away just as he was becoming most dear.

Gehazi, gird up thy loins and take my staff, etc. Elisha dispatched his servant with his staff, for a distinct purpose, no doubt. Necromancers of that time used to send their staff to perform wonders. Elisha asked Gehazi to do this errand after the manner of the jugglers—going in haste, spending no time in making or receiving long salutations, laying the staff upon the face of the child—not expecting that a miracle would be performed, but for the very purpose of disproving the art of necromancy. He wished to prove to the friends of the Shunammite that only God has power to raise the dead.

I will not leave thee. She clung in faith to the prophet. Her confidence was in his prayerful power, and not in his staff. She takes a solemn pledge that she will not leave him. So they go together towards Shunem, while the servant hastens before them to do his errand.

There was neither voice nor hearing. The staff laid upon the face of the child caused no sign of life to appear in the body. Gehazi did exactly as he had been bidden, hardly comprehending the reason of the act probably, and then returned to meet Elisha.

The child was dead and laid upon his bed. Elisha entered the house where he had often gone for good cheer and hospitable friendship, and found the child, really dead, as no doubt, he knew full well from the mother's lips.

He went . . . shut the door . . . and prayed. The prophet expressed no astonishment that the touch of his rod had not brought life into the still form of the child. He knew that only God could give back the life which He had taken; and to Him Elisha appeals, alone, in the chamber of death.

He stretched himself upon the child—as though imparting his own warmth and breath to the body of the child. According to ceremonial law this contact with a dead body produced uncleanness; but as an act by which the miracle of restoration was to be accomplished, the technical law was set aside.

The higher function of the prophet superseded the strictures of the literal command.

It is only life that can impart life. Those who are spiritually dead cannot be brought to life—the life of righteousness—unless they be warmed into vitality through the power of living Christians. The living Spirit of God works through warm hearts.

The flesh of the child waxed warm. The return of the spirit to the body of the boy seems to have been gradual; as though the wheels of physical life began at first to move very slowly, first a feeble pulse, a little warmth, then a spasmodic motion of the lungs, and by a steady increase of vitality, at length complete restoration was accomplished.

He returned, and walked in the house to and fro. The prophet waits upon the slow advance of returning life, giving time for the faculties to be roused to their wonted activity.

The child sneezed seven times . . . and opened his eyes. Respiration, having begun by this process, soon imparted vitality to other organs; and as a last sign of returning consciousness the eyes opened.

Call this Shunammite! When Elisha was fully satisfied that the child lived again, he sent his servant for the mother, who was perhaps waiting in prayer in another part of the house, hoping with all the faith she had that God would give back her boy.

She went in, and fell at his feet, etc.

She saw her boy alive; and, overpowered with joy, fell speechless at the prophet's feet, as she had done from overwhelming grief a few hours before.

The man of God came forth and led the child unto his mother, and went on his way. And he was there—her beautiful—her own—Living and smiling on her—with his arms Folded about her neck, and his warm breath Breathing upon her lips, and in her ear. The music of his gentle voice once more. N. P. Willis.

ZION'S HERALD QUESTIONS.

From the Notes.

Berean Lesson Series, April 8.

- 1 Where was Shunem?
- 2 Describe the home there which Elisha frequented.
- 3 How did the prophet show his gratitude for the hospitality of the Shunammite?
- 4 Tell the story of the lad.
- 5 Why did the noblewoman go to Elisha in her grief?
- 6 What law did Elisha set aside in this miracle?

The Family.

LITTLE MISS JORDAN'S EASTER.

BY MISS A. S. SEAVENY.

Ruth Jordan was only a poor dressmaker, and lived alone with her crippled brother in a couple of tiny rear rooms in the fifth story of a tenement house. The hard times had brought grinding poverty to the brave, cheery little woman, and all through the bitter winter she had toiled, early and late, to procure the barest necessities of life for Tim and herself.

But privation and the lack of proper and nourishing food began to show their effects upon her delicate constitution. The effort to climb the stairs to her garret room grew daily more and more burdensome, and the homely face grew paler and paler as the gusty March days slipped quickly away.

"Oh, dear! Ruthie, I'm so tired! Can't you tell me a story?"

The busy whir of the sewing machine stopped suddenly at Tim's wistful, pleading tone.

"I wish I could, dearie. But to-morrow is Easter, and I must finish this suit for Mrs. Spencer before morning. She will give her work to the new dressmaker at the village if I disappoint her."

"But you look dreadfully tired, Ruthie. Please rest just a little. My head spins round like a top. I have listened to your machine so long."

"I do feel very weary, Tim dear; and the slender hand involuntarily pressed her side. "But see what heap of pleading I have yet to make. I shall have to sit up till long past midnight, I fear, in order to finish the suit. But just think, pet, what lots of things the \$7 that I shall receive for it, will buy! You shall have the new paint-box you have wished for so long, and next Wednesday—your birthday—I will make a real plum cake."

Ruth tried to speak in her old blithe way, but a hard lump kept rising in her throat, and her voice had a perceptible quiver as she looked at the wan, pinched face of the little invalid. Impulsively she rose from her chair, crossed the room, and kissed him. The poor, deformed child's smile was beautiful, as he caressed Ruth's bright, rippling hair with his tiny hand.

"Tell me once more about Easter," he whispered, "and then I shall have something to think about while you are stitching, stitching, those ruffy ruffles!"

Ruth did not have the heart to refuse; and kneeling by his chair, she repeated for the twentieth time the glad story of the Resurrection.

Tim listened in breathless silence to the very end, and then asked gravely, "Ruthie, do you think I shall be a cripple in heaven?"

"No, Tim," answered Ruth, her eyes dimmed with tears. She could not speak for a moment. Then tenderly and solemnly: "Darling, it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but . . . we shall be like Him!"

"Wheel me to the window, sister. I can watch the children while you sew."

Again the steady whir, whir of the machine. The children who were playing in the backstreet smiled and waved their hands to the little motionless figure gazing down at their sports.

But the gray of the afternoon was rapidly deepening into night, and the dusky street was soon vacated by the children. Tim sat very quiet, trying to recollect the sweet mother who had died so many years before.

The lamp-lighter went on his accustomed rounds, and Ruth, finding it too dark to sew, brushed the threads and ravelings from her dress, and prepared their simple meal—oatmeal mush and milk.

A knock at the door startled them; but it was only a boy, who said, "Buy some Easter lilies, mum?" displaying a basket of pure white lilies with golden calyxes.

"It is a great temptation, Tim. I would so like a lily," she sighed.

"Only five cents apiece, mum. They're very cheap, I can tell ye."

"Do buy one, Ruthie—please!"

"But we have only fifteen cents in the house, Tim dear."

"Tell ye what, mum! I'll let ye hev this one for three cents, seein' how that ere little chap's sot his heart on 'em!" and the freckle-faced, red-haired boy gazed compassionately on the crippled form.

Tim's joy was great when he held the fragrant lily in his hands. All the

long evening he never tired of admiring it, and touching the waxy leaves with his fingers.

At nine o'clock Mrs. Spencer's maid came for the suit, bringing a heartless message from her mistress, to the effect that the dress must be finished, even if Miss Jordan had to sit up all night to complete it.

Long into the small hours of Easter morning did patient Ruth Jordan stitch ceaselessly on the suit in which the proud lady would blossom out at church that day. Mrs. Spencer belonged to the Church, and gave much money to benevolent and charitable institutions; but she loved the praise of men; she desired not the adornment of a meek and quiet spirit, but wished to outshine her neighbors in dress and display. She liked to employ Ruth to sew for her, for her taste was faultless, and her work thoroughly done; moreover, she could beat her down two or three dollars from her original price. Poor little Ruth! the sore strains to which she was reduced made the poorest compensation acceptable.

As she sewed on in the stillness, unbroken save by Tim's regular breathing in the inner bedroom, she lived over again the happy days in the past. Yes, even this plain, pale woman of twenty-five had had her little romance. She never was handsome, but her rippling brown hair and expressive eyes compensated for any irregularity of feature. Six years before, when a merry maiden of nineteen, the son of her father's old friend wooed and won her. Her father—a devoted Methodist minister—made no objection to the match, but smiled benignantly upon "the two turtle-doves," as he styled them.

But Ruth's happiness was soon clouded. Just six months after her engagement, the dear father folded his weary hands across his breast, and "went up higher." Scarcely had the family recovered from the shock, when the fragile, delicate wife passed away, leaving to Ruth, as a most sacred trust, the little two-year-old Tim—a sickly cripple. Poor Ruth! The dark days came and went, finding her almost stupefied with grief. Her lover was tender and considerate in his manner, and for a time she found sweet consolation in his companionship; but he was bent on an early marriage, which seemed as desirable for Ruth as for himself.

His business arrangements called him permanently to Europe, and he planned to take the orphan girl with him as his wife. He could not comprehend or sympathize with her instincts of duty, and what he thought a fanatical devotion to her crippled brother. But Ruth was firm; loving, entreating and passionate pleading availed naught. They came a final hour when, after plying her with every argument, and finding her still determined, he left her with angry recriminations, never to return.

With distended eyes and pallid cheeks Ruth gazed at her lover, and as he left the room without one loving word or tender caress, and angrily slammed the door, she fell in an agony of anguish upon the lounge. There faithful Margaret found her three hours after; and from that day her once blooming cheeks were colorless; many silver hairs appeared among the brown ripples; and a pathetic, saddened expression crept into her eyes. She was poor, and must support herself and Tim in some way; so she left the kindly people of W., and went to a distant village. Thus we find her, six years after, struggling to earn bread and shelter for herself and the boy.

All the past fitted before her as she wearily sewed on the dress. Tim loved her devotedly, and he had indeed proved a blessing, for through his disfigured body Christ had revealed Himself to her. If she ever sighed at the loneliness and privations of her lot, and thought wistfully of the ease and luxury that might have been hers, she tried to crush her selfish repinings, and listen to the divine Voice: "And ye shall have tribulation. . . . Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

The little clock on the mantel struck three before the last stitch was taken in Mrs. Spencer's stylish suit. With a tired, despairing sigh Ruth leaned her head upon the machine. She thought dreamily what a blessed relief death would be; then she thought of her "Tiny Tim," as she fondly called him, and felt that not yet could she lay down the burden.

The faint gray morning light came stealing into the dingy, curtainless room—the light of the holy Easter dawn. Still at the machine, with bowed head, sat Ruth. Still the rich dress lay spread out upon the clean, threadbare coverlet.

As the rosy flush of day succeeded the morning twilight, Tim called out, "Ruthie, dear, are you awake?" No answer. "She is tired," he murmured, and dropped off to sleep. When he again awoke the sunlight streamed through the narrow panes, but no sound gave token that Ruth was preparing breakfast. He listened intently a moment. "Ruthie," he called.

A knock at the door, followed by the entrance of Mrs. Spencer's maid. "I've come for the suit, Miss Jordan," she said. Ruth did not stir. The girl touched her, and started back horrified, as she shrieked, "The saints alive! she is dead! she is dead!"

Yes, at last Ruth Jordan's self-sacrificing life was over. Peace had descended like a benediction upon her tired, faithful soul on Easter morn, and she had gone out to hear the "Well done, good and faithful servant," from Him who is "the Resurrection and the Life."

Two days after, a simple pine coffin, unadorned with flowers—save the spot-

less lily which heart-broken Tim placed in Ruth's motionless hand, was carried to the cemetery of W. A plain white stone was erected to her memory by her father's old parishioners, bearing the inscription, beneath a carved Easter lily, "Ruth Jordan, aged 25 years;" and the one word, "Arisen."

AN EASTER STORY.

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

Aunt Grace always makes great account of Easter Sunday. For weeks before this day of days, quiet, careful preparation is made, and nothing is allowed to mar its joy and serenity.

"Auntie," said I, one brisk March morning, "why is it that you celebrate Easter in such a peculiar way? One would think it was birth-day, wedding day, and all other days put together."

"So it is, dear, so it is," she replied, looking dreamily out at the dull landscape; "I was truly born, and truly married, and, I may say, I truly died, one blessed Easter day."

"Born, married, and died—all on the same day! Well, I should call that an experience. Suppose you tell me all about it," and I drew Aunt Grace to an immense easy-chair, in front of a cheerful grate fire, and seated myself at her feet.

"Well, child," she replied, "bring me your uncle's shirt from my work-basket. I like to have something in my hands while I am talking."

"I don't, if the talk is worth anything," I said, bringing the shirt, basket and all.

"You belong to a generation that doesn't like to work with its hands," said Aunt Grace, and beginning to stitch rapidly.

"That is because we work so much with our heads. But please begin your story; somebody will interrupt us within ten minutes."

"I am going to tell you of an experience," said Aunt Grace, "that I rarely ever speak of in these happy days; and I could not bring myself to the task of unveiling it to you, did I not think it would be of value. In three months you will be a wife, and will enter upon the same path where I stumbled and came near falling utterly."

"You, auntie?" I exclaimed, opening my eyes, and concentrating my attention. But she was already in the past, and did not notice my surprise.

"Your uncle John and I," she said, "were what people called madly in love with each other. We were direct opposites, and found a world of fresh and vivid interest in each other's society. We were absolutely happy together, and could not imagine that any change could ever come. It seemed perfectly logical to conclude that marriage would only increase our joy, and never did a man and woman take upon themselves the vows of eternal fidelity more willingly than John and I."

Auntie paused for a minute, let her hands fall idly in her lap, and gazed into the fire. Presently she said, "Annie" (That's my name), "don't forget this: The more chance there is for happiness, the more chance for misery. The most exquisite flowers need the most careful training. This rare blossom of love had opened for us, but were we wise enough to preserve its purity and beauty?"

"To begin with, we knew nothing of our own real nature, and nothing of each other. John was gay, jovial, fond of society, susceptible; he required beauty, and warmth, and brightness in his heart-world. I was imaginative, dreamy, reflective; inclined to solitude at times; willing to make every sacrifice for those I loved, but averse to sharing my treasures with the outward world. Before we were engaged, John had always had a troop of young men about him; he was their leader and oracle, their friend and brother. He supplied the impecunious ones with money, and the dull ones with brains; he let the lazy ones hang upon him, and never could find courage to set a fellow drift. His heart was so tender, that it could not resist an appeal to its kindness."

"You can easily see the attraction that we had for each other. He represented sunshine, music, jollity, society, into which I could step at will from my own still, thoughtful sphere. I represented a quiet, peaceful retreat, where he could rest and rest fully from the dazzle and noise that attended his life. Because each was so intense in certain qualities, so lacking in others, our relations became the more intimate. I believe this fitting of qualities to be the harmony that makes love; but if these opposite qualities clash, heaven is turned into hell."

"The first coldness between John and myself was occasioned by his friendship for a young man whom I considered coarse and unworthy. His name was Harry French, and he was always after John; always running in after tea to invite him out for a stroll; or stepping of a Saturday afternoon, with his fast horse, to take John to drive; or loitering and chatting Sunday evenings."

"And right here, Annie, I want to impress upon you this truth: If you wish to break another's influence over your husband, do it by strengthening your own. Make yourself more winning, more sweet, more attractive in every possible way. Did I try to get rid of Harry French so? Alas! I didn't know enough. In all that related to my heart, I was a willful, wayward, sensitive child."

"One Saturday I was especially longing for John's society. I had been alone a good deal during the week,

and had enjoyed my solitude, too; but was ready at last for the delicious refreshment of my darling's presence. We had had a happy dinner together, and were walking up and down the parlors, with our arms around each other, laughing and frolicking like two children, when Harry drove up to the door.

"'Oh, there's French!' I exclaimed; 'you won't go with him this time, will you, John? I want you so much to-night.'"

"'Don't be so serious, pet,' said John; 'I must go, for I promised Harry to try his new horse; but I won't be gone more than an hour.'"

"I grew instantly angry. I tell you the truth, Annie, I could have been house-burned down with more calmness than I could bear that little rebuff from John. My heart was set on him, and I couldn't bear the least disappointment or refusal from him. All the tropical warmth turned suddenly to coldness, and giving my husband a violent push, I said, 'You can stay as long as you like; I can do very well without you.'"

"I shall never forget the griefed, astonished look that came into John's face; but it soon gave way to a coldness equal to my own, for he was not a man to bear unprovoked insult. He hesitated a moment, then turned suddenly, and went out. I watched him through the lace curtains, as he joined his friend, and heard with a maddened heart their cheery voices and gay laughter, as they drove off."

"Let me say, in passing, that I had no excuse for this behaviour. Harry was not a bad man; he did not suit me, that was all; and I wanted John to myself whenever I chose to have him. But this I did not see at the time. I did not reason, I only felt; and strong feeling, without proportionate reason, is a most dangerous quality."

"Of course my first resource was tears. I wept passionately for a while; then I dressed myself and went to visit a friend. I stayed all the evening, with a distinct purpose of making John anxious. He should learn, I said, to regard my wishes as of some consequence."

"We went on for days, trying to act as if nothing was the matter, but feeling at our hearts that all the perfection of our life was spoiled. We, who would have suffered agonies at the thought of even a short separation, met and parted with cool politeness. John went out more than ever with Harry French, and I tried to believe that I didn't care. But all first quarrels soon come to an end; the heart is too tender to hold out long. At the end of a week I gave up, and throwing myself into John's arms, begged his pardon and promised to let him do just as he pleased, if he would only love me. He called me his foolish little wife, and assured me that he didn't want to do as he pleased, but only wanted to please me. He scolded me tenderly for my naughtiness, and my heart glowed again with the olden joy."

"But one lesson was not enough; nor two, nor a dozen. So opposite that we passionately loved each other, we were too opposite to understand each other, without an experience of suffering. I, constantly hurt by John's apparent disregard of my wishes, took refuge behind an armor of ice; he, repelled by my coldness, went where he could find the necessity of his life—sunshine. We were two children, throwing away with reckless hands the very food that our hearts subsisted upon."

"This state of affairs, with more or less variety, lasted for three years. In the meantime, my baby was born. No words of mine can tell you how beautiful he was, nor how we both loved him. He was his father's child, as people expressed it, and a thousand times dearer to me for the wonderful likeness. My intense love-force was now divided; or rather, had another object upon which to expend itself. John was kept more at home by his newly-awakened tenderness for me, and his pleasure in the child, and our life was for a while as happy as in the dear old times."

"But I was not yet a woman, though I was a mother. And, Annie, we women, especially the real ones among us, never reach our womanhood till we give self, husband and children up to God. Our hearts are tender and impetuous; it is our nature to risk all for love, to have no reserve, no resource but in the objects of love; therefore our affections should be set first on the highest Love, that they may be chastened and purified, and taught patience and heavenly philosophy. I was never completely happy in my husband till I contented myself with giving, and ceased demanding; and we only learn that lesson at the feet of the divine Giver."

"The period of renewed happiness that began with baby did not last long. John's nature asserted itself. He was too much of a jolly good fellow, too much sought for on every side, (the very qualities that made him so dear to me,) to be contented to stay at home always. He had too many points of contact with the outside world, with busy, actual life, to live in a dream with me and my baby. I expected an impossibility; but none the less I set my heart upon it; none the less I considered myself injured because my ideal was refused me."

"When a woman thinks herself injured, she is sure to make herself unattractive. I brooded, regretted, fretted, lost my taste for society, and neglected my dress. All the brightness, the freshness, the sweetness that won John's love in the beginning, was hid-

den, and seemed lost. What was the consequence? The poor fellow was so thoroughly uncomfortable at home, that he stayed away as much as possible. He worked harder than ever, and provided us with every comfort; but the light in his merry eyes, his ringing laugh, his joyousness of nature, were all given to outsiders. I was angry that he did not brood alone, as I did. Still unmindful of the differences of nature, I required my husband to enjoy in my way, to suffer in my way, on pain of losing my love."

"Well, things went on from bad to worse, till at last we lived almost entirely apart. I gave myself wholly to baby, pluming myself upon my motherly devotion. But I think if the darling could have chosen for himself, he would have preferred a less tearful face, would have begged for smiles and gaiety instead of my stern, unyielding hardness. I think any sunny, light-hearted nurse would have pleased him better than his gloomy mother."

"At this stage of affairs, baby was taken ill. I was not seriously alarmed, for the sickness seemed to be but a childish attack, incident to the season. However, I felt anxious, and longed for help and sympathy. When John came home my heart turned toward him with a glad bound."

"If I had put my arms around his neck, and asked him to stay with me that evening, how differently it all would have ended! But my ill-humor had become chronic. When my husband came into the room, I said, 'I suppose you are going out to-night as usual.'"

"'I don't see anything to stay at home for,' he retorted.

"'I think you ought to care something about your child, if your wife is nothing to you,' I replied, the tears coming into my eyes, and my voice trembling."

"A look of absolute disgust flashed into John's face.

"'You do your best to make yourself nothing to me,' he said, and went suddenly out, and down the street.

"I shall never forget the feeling of desolation that came over me as I listened to the ring of his footsteps. The night came on, and baby grew worse. I had nobody to send for the doctor, as Bridget was out, and I was entirely alone. The hours wore away—hours of grief, of terror, and of longing—too agonizing to describe. Towards midnight, the baby grew so much worse that I was dreadfully alarmed. Symptoms of croup were developing rapidly. What could I do? There seemed but one way—to leave him alone, and go for a doctor myself. Almost crazy, I threw a shawl over my head, and started.

"At the door I met John.

"'Where are you going?' he asked.

"'After the doctor. The baby is sick,' I replied.

"'Go back!' he said sternly; 'I will bring him.'"</

[Continued from page 6.]

breast, I felt as if, tossed upon the billows of a faithless grief.

"O my darling!" he said at last; "is it possible that you thought I had stopped loving you? I have loved you all the time. I have longed for the old days, but I didn't know how to find your real self; it seemed to me that you had gone away. I made up my mind that I could not make you happy; and I tried to bear the change as well as I could. But, Grace, my little darling, I am so glad to have you back; and now you shall not die if love can save you."

"Oh, no, I could not die then! I must live to prove to John how sorry I was for the past; and as I lay there in the peaceful haven of his arms, I resolved never to forget that I had found my love in losing myself."

"Do you know what day this is?" said John at last. "It is Easter Sunday—a real Easter to us, for love and peace have arisen from the tomb."

"Well, I recovered very rapidly. The storm was spent, and the sun shone again. It was not the same sun that gladdened the first days of our marriage; we never could forget it shone upon a little grave; but the light, if tempered, was better for our human eyes; better for showing the path of duty than the early dazzling radiance."

"When I took my place again as mistress of my home, I was a different woman; or, perhaps, I should say, I had changed from a child to a woman. In the depths of sorrow, I had found the key to joy. I made it my business to study my husband's temperament, his needs, his sources of pleasure; I made every innocent joy accessible to him as far as possible. I tried to win him from the faults of his nature by making myself so attractive to him that he would forego any indulgence rather than grieve me."

"And you have succeeded," I said, mindful of the devotion with which my uncle always treated his wife. "Who would have thought that you and Uncle John ever passed through such a fiery furnace? Thank you for telling me the story, dear aunt. I have already selected a motto from it—'To lose one's self is to find happiness.'"

INQUISITORIAL SESSIONS.

BY REV. W. S. JONES.

We have no disposition to find fault with the law of our Church as laid down in its Discipline, but we are inclined to question the expediency of some of its usages. Whether it is universal among us or not, we are not prepared to say; but we know that in some of the New England Conferences a custom has grown up which is degrading to those who are the victims of it, and dishonorable to those who avail themselves of it.

It is usual, at the fourth quarterly Conference of the first and second years of a minister's pastorate, after the preliminaries of the Conference, to ask, "What do you wish to say in reference to another year?" If any thought of change is entertained, either from preference for another preacher, or from some supposed or real deficiency or delinquency in the present incumbent, he is requested very respectfully to retire, that the Presiding Elder and the Conference may consult in reference to future supply.

This consultation implies a thorough discussion of the man's ability as a preacher, of his social and intellectual qualities, of his general demeanor and spirit. Not infrequently all the blame of failure in any given direction is laid at his door. Has the congregation diminished or not increased in numbers; has there been a dearth of interest and spiritual activity and enjoyment in the Church; have the finances fallen in arrears, he is made the scapegoat upon whose head these sins are placed, and he must be sent into the wilderness, or some less inviting place, to expiate his guilt, or suffer for his delinquencies.

While this judgment is being passed, he has to stand shivering in the cold till his teeth chatter, or to grope in darkness in danger of knocking his shins against some bench, or his nose against some immovable pillar or other obstacle, thankful (of course he must not complain, for that would be unchristian; he must not bawl out, for that would be undignified) that some means are afforded him for keeping up circulation, and of helping him turn his thoughts from the doings of the secret conclave who are adjudicating upon his case. Yet he is a lawful member of the body from which he has been dismissed, and is, of all parties, the most concerned in the discussions taking place. Without being permitted to know the cause of complaint, or who complains against him, or even to offer a word of explanation or defense, or even of promising to do better in the future, he is accused, condemned, and virtually dismissed from the charge.

Is this Scriptural? Is it Methodist? Is it manly? It is neither. The relationship of pastor and people is ever regarded in Scripture as being of the holiest, most endearing and confidential character in which the feelings and interests of both should be so blended that one cannot suffer wrong without injury to the other.

"Who is weak," says Paul, "and I am not weak? Who is offended, and I am not?" This is the feeling the pastor should have toward each member of his charge. Is he to have this interest and solicitude, and is the Church to treat him with disrespect, and use him as if he had neither heart nor head, feel-

ing nor common-sense? Has his religion so reduced his nature as to eliminate all consciousness of self-concern and self-respect? Has his office relegated him to the sphere of Egyptian mummies or Grecian statuary, that he has lost all sensibility and humanness? If so, it speaks well neither for the one nor the other. And it certainly implies that the associations that have surrounded him must have been of the most stoical and enduring character. For if there had been the customary urbanity, and the general amount of the milk of human kindness, he certainly would have imbibed some drops of it, and its softening influence would have modified to some extent the austerity and want of polish in his spirit and demeanor. Is there duty for the minister? There is also duty for the members, and especially for the quarterly Conference. If it is expected that he should treat them with gentleness and love, it is no less their duty to esteem him highly for his works' sake, and to honor him with courtesy and kindly consideration for the office he fills and the many and arduous duties connected with it. Such, certainly, is the doctrine of Scripture.

Does our Church law require that a man, because he is a minister, shall subject himself to insult without complaint, and place upon the altar of sacrifice, with other things, his independence and manhood? By no means. Ministers are the servants of the Church; they are to do its bidding as far as canonical or Church law requires; but at the same time they are to maintain their consciousness of Christian manhood in order to a right discharge of their duties. Yet what can be more humiliating than for a man to be politely bowed out of a meeting of which he is a member, with the knowledge that he is talked about behind his back, and peremptorily dismissed from the charge without the shadow of an opportunity to say anything for himself?

The action of Roman inquisitors has ever been regarded as unjust, because it denied the condemned the privilege of knowing their crime and of confronting the witnesses; but we confess it is hard for us to see any difference in the action of the inquisitorial court, and the frequent action of the last quarterly meeting of the years named. I earnestly pleaded as an excuse or reason for such action? So it has been for flogging in the army; for the outrages of the press-gang; for the use of the knout in Russia; for the maintenance and perpetuity of slavery in the South; and is to-day pleaded for the manufacture, sale, and use of intoxicating drinks. We say such customs are demoralizing and dishonorable. If so in these cases, no less so in that which deprives a man of knowing the cause of complaint against him; of knowing his accusers, and of defending himself in a Church meeting which acts as a court, though really without authority in the case in hand. The sooner such custom is done away, the better for all concerned.

But it is necessary that action should be taken upon the matter of future supply for the pulpit. Confessed; action is necessary, but let it be taken intelligently, honorably, Christianly.

It is asked: "Would you insist upon the presence of the ministers?" Yes, we would. "But his presence would deter many from expressing themselves as freely and thoroughly as they would like to do." Well, doubtless it would be better that some should not say quite as much as is said frequently. If a man is afraid to say in the pastor's presence what he says in his absence, it ought not to be said. It shows a lack of confidence and integrity, and where these exist between a minister and people, no wonder that weakness and barrenness ensue. But the pastor would not like to hear it, and would be offended if he did, and perhaps would regard the speaker with unfriendly feeling. If a matter of choice, no one complains, but if not, why should he be expected to retire? Will he feel unfriendly to a brother who dares to be so manly, so Christian, as to pronounce his opinion against him? What! Has the ministry so degenerated that it cannot bear the expression of the honest and deliberate opinion of its brethren without taking offense, or cherishing animosity? If so, the sooner the better such men betake themselves to the throne of grace, and wrestle in prayer till they are imbued with the spirit of the Master, "who, when He was reviled, reviled not again; when He suffered He threatened not, but committed Himself to Him who judgeth righteously."

But we do not thus judge our brethren. We believe there is piety and good-sense enough among the ministers to bear these things—to accept them as among the unavoidable of ministerial life; and that the harmony and confidence between pastors and people will be more fully subserved by an open and honest declaration of opinion face to face, than by the clandestine and miserable method now so frequently practiced.

Brunswick, Me.

Wilmington Annual Conference.

The ninth session of the Wilmington Conference, since its separation from the Philadelphia Conference, commenced at Milford, Del., on March 7th, and closed at 11 o'clock on the 12th—the shortest session it had ever had. This was owing to the rapidity with which the president, Bishop Ames, dispatched the business. Though over seventy years of age, and feeble in body, he manifested the body with the skill and facility of an able general directing all the movements of an army. His executive power is truly wonderful.

The ministry of this peninsula retain much of the *esprit de corps* which has characterized it for more than a century. Many allusions were made by the Bishop and Dr. Dashiell to the old time "peninsular Methodist"—the days of Garretts and of those who followed in succession, spreading the doctrine, forming the societies, and planting

the whole Methodist system, which now has so firm a hold upon the population embraced within the limits of the Conference. Methodism has never ceased to grow on the peninsula, and it is still growing. During the past two years there have been great revivals and thousands have been added to the Church. There is, perhaps, no part of the great vineyard of Methodism where vital religion is more flourishing, and this was remarked upon by Bishop Ames in open Conference. Class-meetings are still kept up as a time-honored institution. The vital doctrines of experimental religion are dwelt upon in the pulpit and find rapturous expression in "experience meetings."

Building and improving churches and parsonages keep pace with other elements of progress, while there is a gradual growth in the financial departments of the Church.

The peach "glut" of 1875, followed by an almost total failure of the crop in 1876, deprived the people of the means of doing as much as formerly for the missionary cause—in which there has been a falling off of about \$1200. Besides, the great Centennial bazaar, nearly every body went to it, taking wife and little ones, and a great deal of money was spent in this way, leaving still less to devote to benevolent objects. But as this is an event that happens only once in a hundred years, we must excuse the apparent extravagance. The average of ministerial salaries comes below that of most of the Eastern Conferences; still there are seldom cases of pressing need among the brethren. One case occurred at our late session. A good brother, with a growing family, had for some years been afflicted in his appointments, and seeing no prospect of a change for the better, he made a touching appeal to the Bishops, Presiding Elders and preachers. It was one of those "touches of nature" that to every heart, and many eyes were wet with tears. A collection was taken on the spot amounting to \$169. There is a spontaneity of benevolent impulses in a body of Methodist preachers on such occasions that speaks louder than words.

The Sunday-school work is growing in this Conference every year. The membership receives annually large accessions from the Sunday-school, and in the larger towns they contribute the largest portion to the missionary cause. We are yet behind some other Churches in the amount *per capita* of our missionary contributions. This fact should be held before our congregations to inspire a holy emulation. Our missionary treasury might easily be relieved of its burden of debt by an appeal to each member throughout the conference to make an advance of a few pennies on all former contributions.

The Wilmington Conference Academy has suffered a loss of patronage during the current scholastic year, on account of the narrow quarters occupied by the school after the burning of the building over a year ago. The new building will be ready for occupancy by the opening of the next term, and every accommodation will be made for the reception and comfort for at least sixty boarding students. The principal, Rev. J. M. Williams, is very popular and successful. After graduating at Dickinson College he studied in a German university and is now thoroughly fitted and qualified for the higher sphere of education. During the four years in which he has had charge of the Conference Academy at Dover, Del., he has developed an executive ability which gives promise of eminent success in that line of his profession, and will certainly lead to a demand for his services in some higher institution than one of mere academic grade.

J. H. CALDWELL.
Dover, Del., March 16.

Obituaries.

Resolutions passed by the Boston Preachers' Meeting on the death of Mrs. EMMA C. HUNTINGTON.

Whereas, It has pleased our heavenly Father to remove, by the hand of death, Mrs. EMMA C., wife of Rev. W. E. Huntington, therefore,

Resolved, 1. That we hereby express our great sorrow at the loss of one so richly endowed with those qualities of mind and heart that gave promise of great usefulness in the sphere to which the providence of God, she was called.

2. That while we tender our bereaved brother our hearty sympathy in his hour of trial, we also rejoice with him in the sustaining power of the Gospel, so graciously vouchsafed to the departed in the last trying hours of her mortal life, and in the full assurance that she lives with Jesus in the Father's house above.

3. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to our bereaved brother, and that they be published in ZION'S HERALD.

C. S. ROGERS,
D. STEELE,
M. B. CHILMAN.

ANDREW J. ANGELL was born in Stockbridge, Vt., Oct. 28, 1827, was converted in Portland, Vt., when twenty-one years of age, and died in Lowell, Mass., Oct. 19, 1876.

He came to Lowell in 1859, and followed a straight-forward Christian course, which commanded the respect of all who knew him. The last year and a half of his earthly stay was passed in great weakness, but those who watched the movements of his mind and heart could see that his life was "hid with Christ." Gentle, patient, never doubting God's love, never distrustful the power or willingness of Christ to save, he was in a most steady. When he was confident that he could not recover his health, he remarked, with the most perfect composure, "I know that if the earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, and it will last forever." His life, as well as his death, was a clear testimony to the saving power of faith in Christ.

Lowell, Mass.

Died in Lawrence, Jan. 30, 1877. BETHY NOBLE, aged 87 years and 10 months.

She was born in Norway, Me., at which place, about forty years ago, she was converted to the Christian faith. Church, of which she remained a consistent member until her death. For some years she had made her home with a son who lives in Lawrence, and who is an official member of Garden St. M. E. Church. One of her daughters is the wife of Rev. John Noon, of the New England Conference.

Mother Noble was a good, unpretentious Christian woman, "adorning her profession with a well-ordered life and a godly conversation." She was sick only about a week, and suffered bravely. For two or three before her death she was unconscious. She rests with Christ. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." Their works do follow them.

W. E. B.

St. M. E. Church by Rev. A. J. Church, and continued a consistent member of the same until her death. She never enjoyed good health, yet for a number of years was a constant attendant upon the public and social means of grace. She was a victim of that always terrible disease, consumption, and for years it made slow but effectual ravages upon her system.

For several months previous to her death her sufferings were great; but amid all, she gloriously sustained her, and her answers to questions relative to her confidence and hope in Him were of the most assuring and comforting character. She was not afraid to die; nay, rather she earnestly desired "to depart and be with Christ," knowing that to die would be gain. We break the sympathy and prayers of Christian people for a now childless and widowed mother.

W. E. B.

Died in Norwich, Conn., Feb. 15, Mrs. RITODA OWEN, aged 75 years, 4 months and 10 days.

Mother Owen (as she was familiarly called) had been a believer in Jesus as her Saviour for more than sixty years, and for nearly as long a member of the M. E. Church. She was converted at a time when it cost something to be a Methodist, and never thought the price paid was too dear for what she received. For eleven years Mother Owen had been a member of the Central M. E. Church in Norwich. She loved the Church, the means of grace, and never outgrew the class-meeting. She loved souls; loved holiness; loved God; and testified to the efficacy of the blood of Christ to cleanse from all sin.

Mother Owen lived well, and died gloriously. May her children and her brethren and sisters live as well, and die as safely!

Mrs. SALLY BARTLETT died in Hamilton, Mass., Feb. 24, 1877, in the 93d year of her life.

Mother Bartlett was converted in Boston, and joined the Methodist Church in Methodist Alley in 1804. Her maiden name was Barrett, and in 1808 she was married to John Bartlett; and removing to Marblehead, she connected herself with the infant Church in that place. She remained a member of that Church until her death, though the last four years of her life were spent with her daughter, Mrs. John Marshall, of Hamilton. She reared a family of twelve children, all of whom survive her. Truly her children rise up and call her blessed.

In the early days when the Church was few and feeble, and the luxury of fire in churches was not indulged in, except in portable foot-stoves and the fire of warm hearts, she was accustomed to walk more than two miles to church; and that, too, to say nothing of cushions and carpets, several years before the old church on the rocks was even plastered. Those were the heroic days of the Church, when its devoted members counted no sacrifice too great for the cause of Christ.

Her house was the home of the early itinerants. She was an ardent lover of the Church, and given to hospitality. The hope that sustained her for more than seventy years was precious to her to the last, for when near death she exclaimed, "All is well!" She lived a widow thirty-eight years, and at her death was the oldest person in years, as well as membership of the Church, in M. The funeral service was held at the house of her son, Mr. John Bartlett, of Marblehead, from which her remains were borne tenderly to their last resting-place.

NANCY PIER died in Belfast, Me., on her 83d birthday, Feb. 25, 1877.

Sister P. was the wife of Charles P. Pier, well known in Methodist society through all these regions. She was a good wife, faithful mother, an earnest Christian, and a highly esteemed member of the M. E. Church. Nearly forty years her life in the Church was a beautiful life. Her removal leaves a most precious void.

GEORGE PRATT.

WILLIAM FREDERICK died in Belfast, March 7, 1877, aged 81 years.

Brother F. was a citizen of Belfast sixty-seven years, and for more than half a century a member of the M. E. Church, during which time he was class-leader, and a more enduring influence in the Church was a man of integrity, decided in his own opinions, gentle to the erring, and true to a noble life. As a Christian he was devout, steady of purpose, and so continued to the close of life. No man in Belfast ever gave to the Church a life of better parts, a more enduring and gracious influence. The mantle he dropped on the earthly side of Jordan might be worn by some one as his successor with honor and profit to the Church. May grace and comfort specially abide with the lonely widow!

GEORGE PRATT.

MARY BENNETT died in Belfast, Me., March 8, 1877, aged 35 years.

She was amiable and beautiful in nature, and as a Christian consistent, devoted and happy. She was a fragrant rose, for a few years, in the M. E. Church, and through a long and painful sickness, and a hard death, the odor of her piety was intensified in a most remarkable degree. The young will do well to model after her precious spirit and good example. Her parting counsel will be profitably remembered by the afflicted survivors!

GEORGE PRATT.

SALLY WINTER died March 9, aged 79 years.

She was born, lived and died in Stafford, Conn. Converted half a century ago, she joined the Methodists out of a deacon's family, which cost her great struggles and social disesteem. Ever steadfast and true to her Saviour, religion was not a burden, praise no cross, but a joy, and her life was a most glorious household, she toiled for them gladly, trained them piously, and most of them are following in her footsteps. She met death with faith and composure, and rests in full hope of beatific glory when the saints get home. From a long storm before death she promptly answered the question, "Do you know Jesus?" with "Oh, yes! Blessed knowledge!"

A. J. C.

RUTH BROWN, of Nantucket, after twenty-five years' service as an earnest Christian worker, and fifteen years of patient enduring "a great fight of bodily afflictions," was called, on the 10th ult., to join the "blessed" dead, "who die in the Lord, and rest from their labors."

C. N. HINKLEY.

JEWETT B. EASTMAN died of heart disease at his home in Manchester, N. H., Dec. 24, 1876, aged 65 years and 5 months.

His surviving companion and friends mourn not as those without hope, believing that he fell asleep in Jesus. He was brought into the fold of faith late in life, being converted only seven years since, under the earnest pastorate of Brother James M. Bean. From his reception into the First Church of

Manchester until his death, he had the confidence of his brethren as a consistent Christian. "The memory of the just is blessed."

W. W. S.

Mrs. SUSAN ALDRO, of Greenville, Conn., died Dec. 3, in Anthony, R. I., at the house of Mr. Wm. Bowen.

She left Greenville in September, to spend a few weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Bowen, and other friends in that place, and returned no more alive. She was converted at twelve years of age and joined the M. E. Church, and remained a zealous and faithful member until called up higher. She left four sons and three daughters to mourn her death, and to follow her example as she followed Christ.

Greenville, Conn.

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F. COUTTS & SONS, of Great Britain, and 120 Fourth Avenue, New York, direct attention to their system of treatment, which is entirely external, and an invaluable remedy in fever, inflammation, rheumatism, colds, catarrhs, neuralgia, asthma, etc. For full particulars, see pamphlets, "THE ACID CURE," gratis on application, and "THE SPINAL SYSTEM OF TREATMENT" (45 cents) procurable from the following agents in Boston: L. PATSON, 12 Burroughs Place; and 129 Tremont Street, Room 6. GILMAN BROS., 207 Washington Street; JOHN ROSS, 67 Third Street, South Boston.

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A CARD.

ALTHOUGH I have never seen Dr. E. D. Spear of Boston, Mass., yet have I reason to place a high estimate on his ability as a physician, having been treated by him for a long time, with marked success. I take him to be a worthy and therefore he may be consulted in a letter and treatment sent, though at a distance.

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PROGRAMME OF PROVIDENCE DISTRICT

MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION, to be held June 1-4, at Boston, Mass., under the patronage of the National Association of Ministers.

SARATOGA SPRINGS

In Winter. Reasons for going to Dr. Strong's Remedial Institute in winter is a description of its Turkish, Russian, Electrical, Sulphur Air, and Hydrophobic, Baths, Galvanic and Faradic Electricity, the Equalizer or Vacuum Treatment, the Inhalation of Gas, Laryngoscope, Health Lift, Gymnastics, etc., for the treatment of Nervous, Lung, Female, and Chronic Diseases, will be on application.

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ASTHMA AND CATARRH.

See Dr. Langell's advertisement. Sore Throat, Cough, Cold, and similar troubles, if suffered to progress, result in serious pulmonary affections, sometimes incurable. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" reach directly the seat of the disease, and give almost instant relief.

THE SONGS OF P. P. BLISS.

Messrs. S. BRAINARD'S Sons have just published an elegant little volume, under the above title, containing nearly all the best songs, both sacred and secular, of the P. P. Bliss. Most of the songs in this volume can be found in no other book. Among the gems, we notice "Hold the Fort," "What Shall the Harvest be?" "If Papa were Only Ready," "He's Gone," "Remembered," "Grand Vocal Medley," and many others. The work is printed on fine tinted paper, and contains an excellent portrait of the lamented Gospel Singer and a sketch of his life. Edited by James R. Murray. "The Songs of P. P. Bliss" is published by S. BRAINARD'S Sons, Cleveland, Ohio, who will send a copy to any address on receipt of 30 cents, bound in boards, 50 cents in cloth, or 75 cents in cloth, gilt.

Do not fail to examine the advertisement of

Storer's Bleachery in another column, conveying information which every lady will value, at this season of the year.

THE DINGER & CONARD CO., ROSE

Growers, West Grove, Chester Co., Pa. Few lovers of roses have not heard of or had dealings with this distinguished company. Roses are great specialties. Forty houses, an immense capital, and a large force of skilled operatives are devoted to the one plant. Years ago, when first they offered roses by mail, in a small way, it seemed a doubtful venture. Now, from so small a beginning, they have grown to a large and profitable business. They have introduced more important, varied and practical improvements, patented and exclusively their own, than any other company. The American public are open-eyed regarding all manufactures, and especially alive to the merits or defects of the favorite musical instrument, the Cabinet Organ.

Observant of the wide field for

improvement in the construction of such instruments, this company started and continued with the determination to make none but first-class instruments; not to content themselves with making them as good as any other, but to originate and patent valuable inventions in order to excel all rivalry. That they have labored zealously and effectively to this end seems now generally admitted.

Their Cabinet Organs, of some 30

styles, are now made at the rate of about 5,000 a year, and about 20,000 have been sold during the 3 years of their existence. These organs are superior to the people in every section of this country and in the British provinces, and meet with a ready and steadily increasing sale, owing to their lasting character and varied merits. Every year of this company's existence has been signified by the introduction of one more auxiliary improvement, including the Improved Metallic Stop Action, Improved Self-Adjusting Valves, Improved Octave Coupler, Improved Treble in combination with Bellows, and the Grand Organ Expression. The popularity of these has stimulated them to introduce perhaps the most valuable improvement of any, in the shape of a SEVEN OCTAVE CABINET ORGAN, an achievement unparalleled in the history of reed organs, and one which musical connoisseurs regard as placing the reed organ fully on an equality with the piano.

The highest range in reed organs has

hitherto been 6 and 1-2 octaves. The recent augmentation of compass, given to this kind of all reed organs, enables the performer upon it to play any of the most difficult music now in vogue on the piano—a thing never before made possible. The obvious advantages thus afforded to professional artists, teachers and pupils, must inevitably swell the sales of the New England Organ Company.

In their SEVEN OCTAVE ORGAN we

now not only have a first-class Cabinet Organ, but an instrument which combines more fully than any other, the volume of the pipe-organ, the varied and emotional effects of a full orchestra, and all the range and executive possibilities possessed by the piano-forte, which, in this latest triumph of organ-making, now finds its only formidable competitor.

The SEVEN OCTAVE CABINET ORGAN

is equipped with all the celebrated stops which have made the other organs of this company so popular; and when one hears the full, resonating swell of its enchanting voices, it seems as if the instrument was conscious of its new and superior abilities and exulting in the success of those who created it. Knowing the enterprise and inventive originality of the New England Organ Company, we shall not be surprised to hear of some improvement even upon this.

Parties who desire details about the

manufactures of this extensive concern, are reminded that illustrated and descriptive catalogues, with price-lists, are sent free on application to the New England Organ Company, 1299 Washington street, Boston.

MEMORIAL PICTURE OF THE REVIVAL.

A picture commemorative of the work of Messrs. Moody and Sankey and showing the principal scenes of their labors has been prepared by a gentleman familiar with their career. And also the photograph of Mr. Moody's last moments in Chicago, illustrating his earliest work. Copies price \$1, can be procured from Mr. C. G. Barlow, 415 Washington street, Room 2. Reliable and pushing agents will find it a good opportunity.

From P. N. Bostick, Esq., of Wareham, Mass.

"As a remedy for lung affections, I consider Dr. WISTAR'S BALSAAM OF WILD CHERRY the par excellence of the numerous patent medicines, and never fail to recommend it to my friends who may be afflicted. My mother and sister have both made use of the BALSAAM, and the effect has far exceeded our most sanguine expectations, completely restoring the former, to the surprise of her numerous friends, of a hard, dry cough which had nearly broken her down. One has only to try this excellent remedy to become convinced of its manifold virtues.

60 cents and \$1 a bottle. Sold by all

druggists.

John E. Godfrey, of Bangor; one b

John M. Brown, on the Catholic mission of the Assumption on the river Kennebec, 1646—1652; and another on the Dutch Conquest of Maine, by Charles W. Tuttle, of Bangor. The meeting was largely attended and exceedingly interesting throughout.

Temperance meetings are to be held in

the new Temperance hall, Portland, each evening for the next two weeks or more. The noon temperance prayer-meetings, on Commercial Street, are continued with interest. Many drinking men are signing the pledge. Jim McGilchay has gone into the flour trade.

East Fryeburg has a prodigy in the person

of a seven-year old boy who performs very difficult pieces of music on the violin, though he has taken lessons only six months.

The Independent Temperance Union and

the Arcana lodge of Good Templars have leased Congress Hall, Portland, and have refitted it for permanent headquarters. The "Union" dedicated the hall for their use last Thursday evening. Rev. J. Collins, of Cape Elizabeth